

# Your Life

*The Popular Guide to* DESIRABLE LIVING

---

**JANUARY**

25c a copy

**TEN WAYS  
TO IMPROVE YOUR PERSONALITY**

... by Dr. Louis E. Bisch

**THE FRIGID WIVES OF RENO**

... by Paul Popenoe

**HE RAN A NICKEL INTO MILLIONS**

... by Dale Carnegie

**THROW AWAY YOUR CATHARTICS?**

... by Dr. W. H. Glafke

**TRAITS WHICH MAKE YOU LIKED**

... by Donald A. Laird

**WHAT I LEARNED FROM AN OLD MAN**

... by Theodore Dreiser

Also Margery Wilson, M. S. Rukeyser, Angelo Patri,  
Nina Wilcox Putnam, Jim Tully — 30 original features

LIFE

CONVERSATION

HEALTH

LOVE

BRAINTEASERS

FORTUNE

CHARM

CHILDREN

WORDS

**THE ART OF CONVERSATION by MILTON WRIGHT**

# Your Life

## *The Popular Guide to Desirable Living*

DOUGLAS E. LURTON  
*Editor*

WILFRED J. FUNK  
*Editorial Director*

DONALD G. COOLEY  
*Managing Editor*

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## Ten Ways To Improve Your Personality

by DR. LOUIS E. BISCH

*Author of "Can You Take It," "Be Glad You're Neurotic"*

**Y**OUR greatest asset in the world today is your *personality*. The rich man is unhappy because of the lack of it; the poor man is convinced he would make good if he possessed it. Women in particular realize its golden value, for it more than compensates for any handicap, including lack of beauty.

*Personality actually will carry you farther than college degrees, "pull", the "gift of gab", "lucky breaks", or any of the other advantages that are supposed to be so valuable.*

"True enough," you may say, "and that's just the trouble. Some have personality and some have not. What is one to do if one is not so fortunate?"

My answer would be that if

you feel that way — so despairing — you either are haunted by the "personality boggy" or you are using your want of personality as an excuse for a do-nothing policy.

But perhaps I am not quite fair. For it is astonishing how many men and women do not realize that they could develop a dynamic,

pleasing, attractive personality if only they would take the time and the trouble. Yes, personality is no gift of the gods bestowed only upon a chosen few. Nor is one born with it — another false but popular notion. *You can start building a winning personality if you want to. In the following pages I hope to show you how.*

Strangely enough, although

### Do You Understand Your Personality?

Do you use "lack of personality" as an excuse for a do-nothing policy?

Do you mix easily with people?

Do you suffer from "ingrown emotions"?

Do you know what your best traits are?

Do you know how to form useful habits?

*Dr. Bisch shows how these and other factors are related to the sum total of your personality, and how they can be consciously controlled.*



personality is such a tremendous force it is practically impossible to define it accurately. The individual with personality need not necessarily be good-looking, for we know that among the great mistresses of the French Courts under the reign of the Louis' were women who might even be considered homely, and is it not a fact that an ugly man may attract us forcibly for the very reason that he is so?

Nor does character or good habits necessarily spell personality. "Confidence men" and swindlers generally "get by" just because they possess a pleasing personality, while a drunkard may be dearly beloved despite the fact that we do not approve of his habits.

We can not say that cheerfulness, even-temper, modesty, neatness, bravery, industry or reliability are identical with personality. Indeed, name any traits of character that are valuable in a person's work, home life, love life or social relationships, and you still will find that you have not named one, the possession of which would be identical with the possession of personality.

**P**ERHAPS the nearest synonym to personality is *charm*. Personality is an intangible something that gets across from one individual to another. It is a force that draws, that makes you want to know and remain in the presence of the person possessing it. The one with a

strong personality need not even utter a word; often you feel personality when it enters a room.

Science has discovered that mental and emotional energy is a variety of electric current. It would not surprise me if some day researchers found that electric waves emanate from the body much as do the waves from a radio sending station. Maybe certain waves of a particular frequency from one person react upon other persons with similar wave patterns. For it is true that personalities differ in their forcefulness, although even the smallest degree of personality is effective to some extent.

At any rate, we do know that personality usually reveals itself in these ways: through speech, manners and actions. What we say and how we say it is important. How we conduct ourselves, what our bearing and deportment may be, likewise is essential for personality. Lastly, what we do and how we do it must be considered.

After considerable experience in the field of personality development extending over a quarter of a century, I have come to the conclusion that *every person, male or female, young or aged, can improve his personality*, irrespective of how telling it already may be, or he can stop developing a personality if up to date his has been a negative one, by observing the following ten rules:



### *{1} Catalogue Your Errors and Successes in Meeting People*

Think every night of the day's happenings in regard to the new people you came in contact with as well as your experiences with those already known, in your work, at mealtime, when pleasure bent, etc. Ask yourself if you seemed to be liked or disliked and *why*; if you had a difficult or easy time of it and *why*? Particularly should you note surprises; for instance, if you succeeded where you expected to fail, and vice versa.

In other words, learn to analyze yourself in your *reaction* relationships. Why did people take to you, agree with you and seemingly want to please you, and why did they not?

Sooner or later you will find that a thread of similarity runs through all your successes as well as through all your failures. In this way you will find the *cause* for each. After finding the cause it will be an easy matter to make the necessary adjustments. You will obtain hints from your successes to help you overcome your failures.

### *{2} Meet Many People of Different Kinds*

The people who "mix a lot" are the ones who usually possess an attractive personality irrespective of any other characteristics they

may have. The "give and take" of personal conversation and interaction lubricates the wheels of behavior, so to speak, and helps overcome self-consciousness, shyness, inferiority, awkwardness and other similar handicaps.

But be careful not to get discouraged at the very outset. The beginning will be the hardest. Just keep going, however, and soon you will surprise yourself at the smoothness with which you talk, walk, dance and enjoy yourself generally. Accomplishing that much alone will already set you on your way toward developing a personality that will yield big dividends.

### *{3} Try Being an Actor*

No doubt this rule will be amusing, especially if you follow it. Nevertheless I mean it, and literally. For you probably never have tried to visualize how you appear to *others*. Therefore, don't be satisfied with "doing up your face" before a mirror or looking to see if you need a shave. Actually take your mirror off the top of the dresser and place it on the floor against the wall so that you can view your whole figure to advantage.

Then walk, talk, gesticulate, register anger, laughter, fear, astonishment, joy, sorrow, anxiety, worry and any other emotions that you may think of. That's the test that movie aspirants go

through. They must be able to reveal any emotion in the face on command. That's why in a play they can be anything they want.

So with you. If you desire to develop a personality it must be a flexible one. What's more, you must allow your emotions always to flow easily. By this I am not advising that you should "flare up" or laugh at the slightest provocation. You must have your emotions well in hand, under control. But you must learn not to be stiff and stilted. You must learn to be *what* you want to be *when* you want to be it.

#### {4} *Be Yourself*

In trying to activate your emotions and act you may err by attempting to imitate someone whom you admire. Many persons make this error. Witness how many women ape movie stars. This, for the improvement of personality, is all wrong.

Remember that *nobody is absolutely without personality to begin with*. Furthermore, that you and every other person *differ* in certain respects. It is these "individual differences" that should be stressed. To put it another way, make a list of your likable qualities and play them up for all they are worth. That alone in a summary way will make your personality different from others, outstanding in certain definite respects. Never be crowd-minded.

#### {5} *Take Frequent Inventory of Yourself*

In trying to be yourself you may be surprised to find that you are not everything you thought you were. But you must be *honest* with yourself in spite of everything. We all have faults; nobody is perfect. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a perfect person wouldn't be a bore. Surely such a freak would not possess personality. Often do we love others for their faults. Therefore, don't deny your own or try to whitewash them. Understand yourself as you really and fundamentally are. Usually by doing that alone your character becomes more intriguing.

#### {6} *Observe How Others Act*

In following this rule become a close observer of all kinds of people and in their manifold relationships. Study the failures as well as the successes; those with strong, active personalities and those with weak, passive ones. Later again ask yourself *why*. Try to discover what was wrong in their behavior, why their personalities did not win.

Seeing the same play or motion picture several times over may prove valuable. The same applies to reading novels, especially those with strong character portrayals. Try to figure out what the author was attempting to accomplish by making his characters say and do what he did.

**{7} Extrovert Your Emotions**

The development of your personality probably has most to do with the development of your emotions. Therefore, turn your feelings outward (extrovert them). So many people suffer from ingrown emotions. They are all tight and bottled up inside. Such persons invariably suffer from deficient personality.

Yes, don't repress but *express*. Laugh, sing, dance, even cry if necessary. Get something to love — if not a human being, then a dog, a cat or a canary. Learning to play, or social service work or any "cause" will aid in giving the emotions a revitalizing fling.

**{8} Watch Your Speech**

Speech is the medium of contact with others. Through speech you reveal yourself — what you think and how you feel.

Grammatical English is not as important in this connection as virile speech that expresses exactly what you wish to express.

Practice, therefore, talking aloud. Hold conversations with fancied persons, but preferably when you're alone (for obvious reasons). Imagine yourself in different situations. Here speech will help you to extrovert.

**{9} Make Your Habits Express Your True Self**

Habits can be formed at any

time of life. The idea that our habits are fixed at age twenty-one is nonsense. What you must do is find your worthy traits, those that people like, and stress them. Not only that, you must keep on practicing them. Don't think that you will know how best to act when the proper time comes. You may know, to be sure, but you will "give yourself away" because it will be evident that you are not natural, that your behavior does not reflect your true, inner self.

It is astonishing how quickly a habit can be formed. Say "Thank You" for the next dozen times when occasion demands and automatically, without deliberate thinking or planning, you will be polite forever after.

**{10} Guard Your Health and Foster It**

Health is a precious possession. Don't take chances with it. Furthermore, get plenty of exercise in the open air, enough sleep, avoid excesses of eating and drinking. Undoubtedly you know full well how you should promote health without my stressing it.

In the development of a winning personality health is a great help. People tend to shy away from illness. They like the exuberance of emotion, the verve and fire of sound organs that are functioning normally. If you *are* healthy and *act* healthy this alone will enhance your personality.



# Lessons I Learned from an Old Man

*An aged millionaire taught Theodore Dreiser the lessons which made him a famous novelist*

by THEODORE DREISER

ONCE when I was working for a certain Western daily, famous and powerful in its region, I was sent by the city editor to ask a retired manufacturer of great wealth certain questions concerning a terminal project which was then being planned and which involved millions.

Was it a good thing? Did the city need it? Would it be easy and profitable to finance?

In telling me what to ask he had not told me whether my man was old or young — simply that he was retired and that I would find him at his home.

I was a mere boy at the time, not more than twenty-two, and much more interested in life as a spectacle and

the whyfords of it in its entirety than in anything relating to finance or commerce. Still the questions I had to ask were well in mind and I was prepared to bring back very definite replies, assuming that my manufacturer would answer them.

En route, partly because of his great fame and by reason of my being a stranger in the city, I built up an interesting picture of what the man I was to interview would

be like.

He would be middle-aged, being so wealthy, rather stern and dogmatic, probably indifferent to all reporters. I would have to be very formal, say quickly and clearly what I wanted, note sharply his replies and

TURNING-POINTS in life mean nothing to the man who can't read signposts. Years ago a young reporter named Theodore Dreiser was given a routine assignment. He got his story, but the facts he could not write for his paper troubled him. That deeper, unwritten story, which existed only because of his capacity to see it, lost Dreiser to journalism and helped to make him an over-towering titan of literature. Through every human life are scattered scores of unperceived crises. Some men recognize them and go on to greatness. To others they become, in time, their might-have-beens. — THE EDITORS

make durable mental notes, since probably he would resent my penciling his replies in his presence. So many, as I had noted, were begrudging of the least time given to a reporter.

As I drew near the vicinity in which he lived and saw the great houses, I was by no means reassured. His was situated, with perhaps as many as seven others, in a great enclosed "place", huge wrought-iron gates at either end, a porter in charge to demand who it was one wished to see, wide lawns and pathways on either hand, a spacious and decorated double drive in the center.

THE house in its turn was so large and impressively designed that it overawed me. Ob-long, of yellow stone, with a red-brown tile roof, a noble frieze, sunken French windows, decorative chimneys, a handsome, deeply recessed door, it seemed just the abode for a rich and powerful and forceful man.

As I approached it I felt that one must be very important indeed to be worthy of it. I braced myself spiritually, as it were, to endure the weight of its massy claims.

Once at the door I was greeted by a portentous footman in knee-breeches and spike-tailed coat of blue, with polished brass buttons and white velvet cuffs, who wished to know what I desired. I told

him. He disappeared, leaving me outside, but presently returned.

I was then conducted up a grandiose stair that turned twice in wide sweeps, great rugs lying on the landings, bronze statuary facing one at every turn, hangings, carved furniture and great spaces, giving one a sense of lavish and yet discriminating expenditure. A deeply cut door opened into a huge library, with its richly-carved shelves and its more richly-bound books.

In front of a great open fireplace and confronted by a white wolf-hound on a rug sat, to my surprise, an old and thin and feeble man, whose hair was so white, whose shoulders so narrow and whose hands and face so thin and sunken, that I was shocked. His eyes, blue and still, had receded deep into their sockets. His skin was leathery and seamed.

"Mr. Y——?" I inquired.

He nodded slightly.

I proceeded at once to explain as succinctly as may be all that had been told me to ask, marveling betimes at his age and weakness. He listened gravely, his hands lying flat on a black woollen blanket that covered his knees. Now and then he crooked the fingers of one or the other of them.

"Yes," he said slowly and with difficulty, as it seemed to me, from time to time as I talked. "Yes."

When I had done he paused and

staring more at the floor than at me said, "Yes, my boy. I will answer all your questions, only my interest in all these things is now so slight that it seems scarcely worth while. I do not know why they trouble to ask me."

STARED, impressed by the meaning of his words. He was so old, so feeble. Life — the great life force of which he had been a part — was a thing of the past.

That fire which had been inside him, that lust which had built this great house, his great business, which had surrounded him with servitors and beauty and fame, was now so thin, so pale a thing, that one wondered why any one should bother about him any more. And still, so great were his wealth and fame that his name was of the utmost import.

Although he personally was no longer of this world, really a mere shadow, still what he had to say, was, seeing that it could be proved that he was still alive. Slowly and painfully, it seemed to me, he answered each of my questions, folding and unfolding the fingers of one or the other bony hand and occasionally and feebly clearing his throat.

Somehow, as I wrote, and afterwards as I walked away, the true import of my visit seemed not so much that this huge terminal might or might not be profitably built and operated (he seemed to

think it might), or that one of the wealthiest men of the city had so said, but that age and enfeeblement should relentlessly overtake a man of obviously once such great power and strength.

Life must go on, to be sure, and this terminal must be built, and thousands — millions, no doubt — would profit by it once it was. But this once young and now old man! What of him? This great house with all its luxury, built to enshrine so fading a spark! What did all this amount to to him? The uselessness! The futility to him now of all he had done!

This, far more than his carefully noted replies, or how much the paper desired them, was what I was carrying away, and that quite filled my mind to the exclusion of everything else.

ONCE I was near my office again I began to speculate (most vaguely, I must say, at the time, being so young) as to the curious import of all this to me and the difference between this in which I was really interested, and the other in which the city editor of the newspaper was interested, and concerning which, and which alone, I would be expected to report.

His age, the greatness of the house, the lapse of all his strength, as I now realized, would be of no least import to the man who had sent me out, and yet it was so



fascinating to me. *Why was it that a newspaper must entirely ignore that which interested me now? What did one do with such things, such facts as I had seen?* I asked myself.

Here was something, as I now noted, that I had discovered for myself, which was not journalism and yet which was more important to me than the purely journalistic facts wherewith I was supposed to return — more appealing, beautiful — a fact so stupendous that it moved me deeply.

This old feeble man, once so powerful physically no doubt and still so significant as a name and a holder of wealth who, now, amid the trappings of his wealth could only feebly open and close the bony fingers of his hands, stare at the floor, and say, "My interest in all these things is now so slight that it is scarcely worth while" — a spectacle for God and Men. . . .

AROUND me was swirling the life of the city. Trolley cars clanged, wagons rattled. Hundreds of thousands, young, vigorous, new to life, as zestful as ever he had been, pushed and jostled in the ways. But he who had once been so vital a part of it was out there alone before his fireplace, in his great house, empty-handed, forgotten, a silent white dog for a companion.

I hustled into the office.

"Well, what did Y—— say?" my city editor asked.

I told him the answers he had made.

"Fine! Fine!" he said. "Just what we want! That'll make a lead, all right. Write it just as you tell me, the questions and his answers."

"Shall I tell anything about how old he is?" I ventured, being still intensely interested in my idea. "He is very old, you know, very feeble. He could scarcely talk to me." These other facts seemed so huge, so sad.

"No, no, no!" he almost shouted, being interested in other things by now. "Can that stuff! Write only his answers. Never mind how old he is. That's just what I *don't* want. Do you want to queer this? Stick to the terminal dope and what he thought. We're not interested in his age."

I proceeded and wrote as he said, avoiding all reference to what I had seen and thought, and the next day the first page carried a ringing, clear approval of the terminal idea, by one who was apparently as much alive and as forceful as ever and intensely interested in it as a great and needful improvement as any man in the city.

No doubt the vast majority of the people thought of him even then as young, active, his old self. But all the while this other picture was holding in my mind, and continued so to do for years after. I could scarcely think of the city

even without thinking of him, his house, his dog, his age, his bony fingers, his fame.

The city editor who wanted only the vital, momentarily valuable replies as to whether or no he approved of the terminal idea had raised in my mind, once and for all, the question as to what one was to do with these larger questions—a picture like that, a tragedy like that. What did one, or could one, do with such facts, such pictures, if not publish them in a newspaper?

FINALLY, after several years of meditation really, the answer came.

It became plain to me then that journalism was not the field for this, that it required a different type of thought from that which was holding at any moment in any newspaper office anywhere, or ever would, a different medium of presentation; namely, that which is concerned with life in the round, at large, its more evanescent and

yet less current phases, its greater and sadder contrasts.

Those particular matters about which the city editor had wished to know concerned, as I now saw, only such things as were temporary and purely constructive in their interest, nothing beyond the day—the hour—in which they appeared.

Literature, as I now saw, and art in all its forms, was this other realm, that of the painter, the artist, the one who saw and reported the non-transitory, and yet transitory too, nature of all our interests and dreams, which observed life as a whole and drew it without a flaw, a fact, missing. There, if anywhere, were to be reported or painted such conditions and scenes as this about which I had meditated and which could find no place in the rush and hurry of our daily press.

Then it was, and not until then, that the real difference between journalism and literature became plain.

---

A BRITISH neurologist made three tests of the strength of three men.

In the first test, the average grip of the three was 101 pounds.

In the second test, made under hypnosis, with the experimenter telling the men they were weak and lacked any power to speak of, the average grip of the three was 29 pounds.

In the third test, also given under hypnosis, but with the experimenter this time impressing the men with the fact of their superior strength, the average grip of the three was 142 pounds.

In other words the men only used 101 out of 142 parts of their potential strength. The maximum was attained when they *believed* in their own power.

# Brainteasers

*Selected by* JIM MCWILLIAMS

*Whose "Uncle Jim's Question Bee" program is heard over National Broadcasting Company stations every Saturday evening, 7:30 to 8 p.m., E.S.T.*

1. What is an eleemosynary institution?
2. What musical instruments constitute a string quartet?
3. What is the difference between sextant, sextette, and sexton?
4. Who was Mother Goose? Was she a real person?
5. Distinguish between "idiom" and "dialect."
6. What material was used in making Queen Elizabeth's wedding dress?
7. Does February ever have five Sundays?
8. How many colors in the American flag?
9. What is the difference between a firefly and a firebug?
10. What is the difference between an ingenious person and an ingenuous person?
11. State the Roman numerals for the following amounts: 10 — 50 — 100 — 500 — 1000?
12. What is the difference between a vendee, vendor, and a vendue?
13. In what war did the "Charge of the Light Brigade" take place?
14. What is the difference in a bank account drawn in the name of:
  1. John Doe *or* Mary Doe
  2. John Doe *and* Mary Doe
15. What is the meaning of the word "sommambulist"?
16. In whose works do the following lines occur:

"A book of verses underneath  
the bough,  
A loaf of bread, a jug of  
wine, and thou"?
17. What well-known character of fiction tilted at windmills?
18. What is a sourdough?
19. What is meant by "the doldrums"?
20. What is the difference between "lama" and "llama"?
21. Finish these old sayings:
  1. White as a .....
  2. Good as .....
  3. Sly as a .....
  4. Pretty as a .....
  5. Stiff as a .....
22. In what countries are the initials "LTD" used and what do they signify when used after the title for a stock company?



23. In what three states did Abraham Lincoln live before he became president?

24. Who once made the classic comment, "Reports of my death are greatly exaggerated"?

25. What is the origin of the abbreviation "lb." for pound?

26. In what line of endeavor are these names noted?

1. William E. Borah.

2. Robert E. Lee.

3. Betsy Grant.

4. Charles Schwab.

5. Honus Wagner.

27. What is the difference between astrology and astronomy?

28. Of what people was Hannibal a great military leader?

29. Which planet of the universe do we know most about?

30. Name two canals on the Great Lakes and the lakes they connect.

31. Who said, "We should be too proud to fight"?

32. Is the dodo a real or fabulous bird?

33. If you should be told you are "sapient" would you consider it a compliment or ridicule?

34. In American history, what was the Underground Railroad?

35. What is a female fox called?

36. Is it ever proper to allow the American flag to fly after sundown, and if so, where?

37. Who discovered the South Pole?

38. Is sterling silver actually the same as solid silver?

39. The American author who coined the phrase "The Almighty Dollar" was: Washington Irving, Dashiell Hammett, Upton Sinclair, Irving Cobb, Sinclair Lewis, Walter Duranty?

40. What is a plane figure with seven sides called?

41. What bird can fly backward?

42. How many acres in a square mile?

43. What is the official salute of the President of the United States?

44. Select the right answer from three statements. A wombat is: an Australian mammal; a flying lizard of India; a very heavy bat used in the game of cricket.

45. What is the difference between an apiary and an aviary?

46. What does "allegro" in music mean?

47. What is the difference between the abbreviation A & P and A P?

48. Name a vehicle much in use today having only one wheel.

49. What is sternutation?

50. Orient means East — what means West?

*{ Please turn to page 85 for the answers }*

# Prepare for Middle Age

*Dreams can't be hoarded; they must be enjoyed  
today if they're going to come true tomorrow*

by MARIETTA BUELL

I KNOW a woman for whom death begins at fifty. She has lost every one of her five children in the space of a few months.

The youngsters haven't died. They have simply grown up and gone out into the world. Jim has a new job as a civil engineer in Central America; the twins are off to military school; Marjorie has just been married, and Lucile has gone two hundred miles away to teach. But to the bereft and self-pitying mother, it's quite as terrible as if death itself had snatched her fledglings from her. Mrs. S. is dangerously near a mental breakdown.

All through the years she had guided and advised and pampered and all but suffocated her offspring with her attention. Servants had never been permitted to do things for the children which Mrs. S. could do with her own two hands.

In a vague way she and her husband had planned that "someday" when the children were grown they'd slip away and take a trip around the world, just the two of them. They had denied themselves luxuries of time and recreation

while the children were growing. But unconsciously Mrs. S. had lost, through the years, the capacity to enjoy life without her children — lost it so tragically that her own sanity may yet prove to be the sacrifice. Her "someday" will probably never come.

SOMETIMES fathers and mothers manage to recapture their own individualities after the children have grown up and the parents are forced to live their own lives. But too often, they become lost souls, grown apart from each other, snatching at crumbs of happiness from their married children's tables, sighing over the sale of big houses, and trying to find solace for empty minds and hands by winding the snarled threads of their lives into those of their grandchildren.

And the pathetic part of it is that, in the young people's scheme of things, there is so little place for this type of grandma and grandpa. They're pretty handy to have on call when illness steps into a household or the maid walks out, of course. Nice accessories for the

holidays, too, perhaps. But most of the time they're appreciated far more at a distance. We laugh at the jokes about in-laws and like to pretend they have no foundation in fact. Yet often they have their counterparts in cruelly real cases where lovingly meddling, older hands cause heartaches and actual hard feeling.

THE more I look about me, the more I realize that there are more kinds of insurance than just those involving money. And one form that everyone can take out — but few do — is protection against lonely and regretful middle and old age. But it can't be done in a moment.

Because it's an acknowledged fact that women are more apt to live for and in their children, and are more often left stranded alone in a figurative chimney corner, I find myself thinking in terms of wife and motherhood. Yet there are many men who may profit by the cases I call to mind — men who have let business as well as children absorb them to the exclusion of everything else — whose "somedays" are vague distant vacations and trips that never materialize.

But mostly it's up to you wives to insure your future happiness and your husband's. You can begin early to keep a part of your life and his a thing separate from the children. Love them, yes.

Bring them up "in the way they should go," enjoy them to the full. But don't wrap yourself up in them too closely.

*Keep in touch with old friends and make new ones. Keep abreast of the times. Cultivate your hobbies. Divorce yourself from your mother complex at times and think of your husband as more than simply "daddy."*

Dine alone together once in a while — just the two of you; and when the last child has "gone on his own," you'll be used to it and won't go around bemoaning through tears the empty places at the dinner table and the unused napkin rings in the silver drawer.

But above all else, *don't sacrifice too much for your children.* They don't need it and they don't appreciate it. If they did, they'd be little saints instead of human beings. And you and your husband may never catch up with the things you are refusing to give yourselves today.

Many a woman standing with someday just within her grasp, has found herself facing the long years ahead with the clasp of the hand she had counted on gone, the heart she would have shared her belated pleasures with stilled, and the final chance to do things together vanished forever.

I HAVE in mind a bewildered and grief-stricken woman in her early forties, whom I met recently for the first time since her



husband had died very suddenly from a heart attack. They had always been the envy of their friends because time and a large family had never dimmed their obvious affection for each other. I tried to tell her that she had much to be grateful for — that she and her husband had had more in their comparatively short life together than many a couple who live to celebrate their Golden Wedding.

"That's true," she agreed, her eyes swimming in tears. "But, if we'd only done some — just a *few* of the things we'd planned together! Always it was 'someday when the children are older, we'll do this or that. Someday we'll have a decent car and take a long vacation and go to Maine — along the sea coast, where we both were born. Someday, we'll climb mountains and see how the rest of the world lives. Someday —'" Her voice broke. "But he died before someday ever came — while we were still slaving and saving to put the children through school."

My heart ached for her. Death is so final a thing to us who are left on earth. And the hopeless misery in her eyes and voice cried out so keenly of mistakes that can never be rectified and dreams that had burst forever.

I wanted to tell her about another widow I knew. But I didn't, because even a hint of criticism now was like pouring salt into an open wound.

But the picture of this other friend of mine, widowed in a few brief seconds by an automobile accident, kept rising in sharp contrast.

She, too, had been very much in love with her husband and had raised a family on a middle-class income. But, unlike the first wife, she had stopped during the years of her married life to live along the way with her helpmate. Without in any way neglecting her children, she had managed so that he and she vacationed together each year, renewing their honeymoon days and binding closer their common interests outside of the nursery.

SHE encouraged her boys and girls to work for their spending money and help pay for their clothes. They were the busiest, happiest and best-liked children in the neighborhood. And they frankly adored the mother and dad who jaunted off together sometimes, and kept a section of their lives tied up in separate channels where home work and music lessons and teeth-straightening could not penetrate.

Had her husband lived, they would have advanced into congenial later life together. As it was, I heard her tell her children as they rallied around her at their father's death:

"I thank God that we lived so gloriously while he was with us!

We did so many of the things we had planned to do together, Daddy and I. And nothing can ever take away the beautiful times we had."

There was grief—deep and soul-rending grief—in her voice, but there was also a measure of peace. For she felt that her life with her husband had been full, brief though it was. Her somedays had been present, joyous realities to a large extent. And she will travel along the downward slant of life—lonely, yes—but serene in the knowledge that she and her beloved had harvested most of their dreams.

This woman's case is the exception. On every side, we find parents whose children are scattered and who are hopelessly trying to adjust themselves to a future that is continually less rosy as it becomes the present. All about us, we see men and women whose partners have "crossed the bar" and left them struggling forlornly to resign themselves to dead hopes and never-to-be-realized desires.

*We might as well come to understand early that middle and old age can be a calm and peaceful period in life only if we are willing to work painstakingly toward it.*

Let me quote two more cases to prove my point.

I KNOW two elderly women who occupy the same social and financial stations in life. In the beginning it seemed that they had

equal chances of happiness. Yet the contrast between them now, at seventy, is marked.

One is discontented and restless, though her husband is still with her, and to the casual observer she has everything to make life worth while. But instead of maintaining a home and interests of her own, she insists that she and Grandpa live with a married son and his family because she is "lost without them."

Both old people are rapidly getting themselves disliked for the greed with which they fasten on the younger ones' affairs and for their unsolicited advice and interference. Yet, as Grandma often reminds them and others, they were, and still are, "devoted parents." Too devoted, of course, if they would only see it, to be more than obnoxiously sweet, old vines twining around the independence of everyone dear to them—and yet feeling vaguely cheated and left out of life. They never planned for the someday when they would be alone together, but just drifted toward it.

The other elderly lady lives by herself in the tiniest of apartments. Her husband has been "under the sod" for many years, as she quaintly puts it. You might well think that *she* would be the one to be unhappy. But she isn't. Not a bit of it! She keeps up her interest in one or two clubs, reads the latest books, has her favorite radio programs,

and lunches and discusses current events with friends. And her children and grandchildren adore her.

"Grandpa and I went abroad tourist," she will tell you with a gentle, reminiscent smile. "It was such fun! He always wanted to see a Scottish castle and walk in a London fog. And he did."

THOSE of us who "knew her when" recall that Grandpa died long before he ever came into the title of Grandpa, while his own children were still in their teens and money was none too plentiful. But we remember also the good times he and Grandma had together — the somedays they captured and tied with the gossamer thread of memory — the some-days that help Grandma now to adjust her life so peacefully.

It's not too late yet for many of us to unravel a false start in our lives and begin fashioning the

kind of a mantle we really hope to wear a few years from now. It can be a shroudlike, shapeless thing that will depress ourselves and those about us. Or it can be a soft, becoming garment that clings gently to our personality.

Someday seldom comes, it's true. But that's because we fail to realize in time how closely related it should be to today. Almost before we know it, Junior has jumped from his first tooth to his first job, Sister is wearing an engagement ring instead of shaking a rattle, and we are thrown into middle life, confused and reaching for life preservers that we have neglected to provide.

Yet someday *can* come. As we travel through life, it can move joyously along beside us, converging eventually with our dreams and hopes in one grand burst of triumphant realization, if we will but give it a fighting chance.

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### *Ten Tabloid Commandments for Matrimony:*

- Mind your own business.
- Be polite.
- Be loyal.
- Be patient.
- Be cheerful.
- Be fair.
- Be appreciative.
- Be well groomed.
- Be QUIET.
- Be a good sport.

And the greatest of these is — Mind your own business!

— HELEN ROWLAND



## *How Much Do You Know?*

1. What is the Apocalypse?
2. To what war did the surrender of Yorktown put an end?
3. What kind of pictures did Corot paint; i.e., landscape, children, interiors, portraits, etc.?
4. For what instrument did Chopin compose?
5. What is the iris (physiology)?
6. What was the Mississippi Bubble?
7. What is eiderdown?
8. What part of the beef does a porterhouse steak come from?
9. Who got thirty pieces of silver, and for what?
10. In what country were the Israelites in bondage?
11. What historic event took place at Sedan?
12. What author created the character "Tam O' Shanter"?
13. What is genre painting?
14. What is the difference between an opera and an oratorio?
15. Who was Kepler and what was his nationality?
16. What is latitude and longitude?
17. With what business was Flagler identified?
18. What is meant by reciprocating engine?

## *Answers*

18. Moving to and fro.
17. Railways.
16. Latitude, distance north and south; longitude, distance east and west.
15. German astronomer.
14. Opera, theatre; oratorio, religion.
13. Painting of scenes of common life.
12. Robert Burns.
11. French surrender to the Germans.
10. Egypt.
9. Judas, for betraying Jesus.
8. Between sirloin and tenderloin.
7. Feathers of northern duck.
6. Fake speculation scheme.
5. Part of the eye.
4. Piano.
3. Landscape.
2. American Revolution.
1. The last book of the Bible.

# Make Your Dreams Come True

*Wherever your dreams lead you, make them come true  
in the New Year; pass up old-fashioned resolutions*

by ALLAN FINN

THIS year I'm not going to make any old-fashioned New Year's resolutions. I have become a confounded pragmatist. On January 1, I have resolved not to resolve to give up the pleasures of the grape; not to give up pay-night poker sessions; not to stop "going with that widow because people might talk."

Don't misunderstand me. I am not criticizing the spirit of this ancient rite. To me, resolution of purpose expressed on the beginning of a new year is a mighty fine tonic for the soul, a fillip for a dulled morale, like the turn of a spring in a rundown clock. It's the nature of the business I object to; the torturing of weakened flesh on January 25; the indignity of irresolution on February 3.

Why do New Year resolutions have to be moralistic? Why can't they be practicable, capable of decent fulfillment? I wonder why I can't say to Bill Smith next door:

"Say, why give up smoking, when you know you can't and don't want to; why not instead resolve to materialize one of those

dream-world desires you've never realized?"

Other people are doing it without resort to resolutions. On the Hobby Lobby radio hour the other night a woman coyly admitted she had achieved a life-long ambition to collect dogs' teeth. Another confessed she gathered up chicken wishbones, shel-lacked them, decorated them with pithy wishful remarks and was making a tidy sum selling them to department stores. A western gentleman boasted he was training angleworms; another said he had collected the finest assortment of bricks east of the Mississippi.

I DOUBT whether my neighbor Bill Smith would care to do any of these things. Possibly, he wouldn't be interested in Dr. Alex Carrel's hobby of reading; or of Dr. John Finley's passion for walking. Less appealing probably would be a Montreal salesman's pastime of counting sneezes on street cars; still less Ed Wynn's hat collecting or General Dawes' flute playing. But I know Bill would pretty near sell his soul to raise Manx cats or

sail a lugger, just as I'd settle with my right arm to write novels like John Steinbeck's.

Upon investigation, I find the question of achievement is not so difficult as it appears. What makes it seem so is that we never let the desire get out of the wish stage; we never give it a real try. The question arises: how do you do it? Well, first make up your mind what you really and sincerely want to do. Here your resolution comes in. You determine to learn thoroughly all you can to start your hobby rolling; fix a definite schedule to pursue it; keep in touch with others with a common interest.

Psychologists say that every factor for success is on the side of the man who no longer puts off his secret penchant. The will to it grows, and, once disciplined, provides balance and efficiency in the equation of life. If a hobby succeeds, they say, so does the bread-winning job. Moreover, we become more intriguing to our friends. Maybe maxims are as vapid and old-fashioned as New Year resolutions, but here's one that is a ringing truism: "A child is fortunate that has a hobby horse to ride, and a man if he has a hobby to ride."

But, we protest in our frustration, a child has time to ride. Besides, we are too old. Neither is true. Nine-tenths of the best work is done by older people. As for

time, there are 2,500 hours a year for all pursuits other than necessary ones. I checked up and found Walter B. Pitkin and others even expanded this number. Prof. Paul Douglas, of the University of Chicago, has found that fifty hours of total freedom a week is becoming the general rule today!

William Moulton Marston asked 3,000 persons in the last two years: "What have you to live for?"

He was stunned to find that 94 per cent. *were only enduring the present while waiting for the future.* He talked to women who were waiting for sons and daughters to grow up so they could *rest*; to harried souls who were always putting off that trip to Arizona or Paris. Yet for most of these people tomorrow never will come.

INVESTIGATORS for the W.P.A. have found that our waste of natural material resources is nothing compared to our waste of creative talent. Most women after forty are said to live in an idle dream world. And the coming unemployed census is expected to show that 10,000,000 men in their thirties are leading fruitless lives.

An interesting fact developed by these investigators is that *the busiest people always seem to have the most time to spend. They have learned a rare secret of life: how to concentrate. They budget their time intelligently.*

If it's "2 to 3 P.M., a cup of tea and the stamp book," then it's just



that. It isn't as grim as it sounds, either. Anthony Trollope, nineteenth century English writer, put himself on a schedule and whipped his will into the discipline of keeping it. Soon he could write at top speed during a certain period no matter where he was.

One of the busiest men in the country, Dr. Willis R. Whiting, famed research scientist, finds time to study remembrance of names. He has discovered that usually the fourth suggestion materializes the identity. Fascinated by the symbolism involved, he has kept books on memory studies since 1912. Now studying neurology, he finds it comes easier than it would have thirty years ago.

You never can tell what secret gain may lie buried in your unfulfilled dream desires. Hobbies are responsible for most of our inventions. Culbertson ran his love for bridge into a million-dollar enterprise.

From a personal whim, Reginald Denny developed a model Hollywood airplane factory. Frederic Goudy slipped off a bookkeeper's stool to become the world's premier designer of printing types. Harold Ickes, our Secretary of the Interior, pioneering with dahlias, led to the creation of a new horticultural species. Eli Whitney, cotton gin inventor, was a cabinet maker. George Stephenson, who developed the locomotive, swung a pick in a Welsh coal mine.

Herschel made telescopes while earning his bread as a violinist. S. F. B. Morse was professionally a portrait painter. The Wrights were bicycle repairers.

If you think you haven't got time to build that toy airplane or study birds in your back yard, remember that Empire Builder James J. Hill used what time he had left from clerking to study engineering and indulge a yen for water color painting. That George Eastman studied photography while a Rochester bank clerk. That authors Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Somerset Maugham and Warwick Deeping were physicians.

THE Hobby Guild of America and the Leisure League of America, both in New York, will tell you that the nation is fast becoming hobby-conscious. The former, inspiration of youthful Albert Bassuk, whose hobby is Gilbert and Sullivan — he helped to organize an association and a house organ devoted to the famed pair — sends out booklets to 100,000 persons; and the latter has sold a million copies of small 25-cent books on thirty hobbies and expects to issue 200 more.

Attesting further to the popularity of developed dream wishes, the Hobby Lobby hitherto mentioned is probably the only radio program put on the air twice the same night. Well known, too, is

the fact that the radio amateur hours owe their vogue to the support of hobbyists.

Many hobbies have become businesses and among these philately ranks foremost. In Paris it has an open-air market and in New York its own exchange. President Roosevelt is one of the nation's most ardent collectors; he likes to turn aside from New Deal bills in bed at night to go over his books. Yet the most popular hobby currently is amateur photography. Candid cameras click from coast to coast a thousand times an hour. Music comes next. Biggest hobby areas, it seems, are the rural ones, away from the shining picture palaces and shadowy dance gardens.

Says observer Pitkin: "Yester-

day belonged to the worker; tomorrow belongs to the wise users of leisure. In leisure, the civilized man makes the most of himself. And in the well balanced life flourish the fruits of American individualism."

Probably Bill Smith would be surprised to find that thousands of others have had dreams like his of raising Manx cats and sailing a lugger — and have *realized* them. Maybe Bill Smith would find himself cutting down his smoking as he pored over Bowditch and mentally rigged his craft — and he would not lose New Year's resolution "face" on February 3. There's no telling — Bill might even not want to smoke at all when he got out there behind canvas on the breezy sound.

### *When Will You Do Your Best Work?*

THE careers of 400 famous men, analyzed by W. A. N. Darling, indicate that the years during which a man does his best work vary with his profession. The average age for best achievement, according to his figures, bears a close relationship to occupation.

<i>Profession</i>	<i>Age for Doing Master Work</i>
Chemists and physicists . . . . .	41
Inventors, poets, dramatists and playwrights . . . . .	44
Novelists . . . . .	46
Explorers and warriors . . . . .	47
Actors and musical composers . . . . .	48
Artists and divines . . . . .	50
Reformers and essayists . . . . .	51
Physicians, surgeons and statesmen . . . . .	52
Astronomers, mathematicians, satirists and humorists . . . . .	56
Jurists and naturalists . . . . .	58

# When I Planned to Be a Thief

*On a rainy night when a killer beckoned him to crime,  
young Jim Tully took the right turn in the wrong road*

by JIM TULLY

HAVING come out of the sludge and murk of life itself, I have never taken seriously the shallow bilge uttered by most of our so-called police officers and reformers, including such fellows as J. Edgar Hoover, and the perennial investigator of the underworld for excellent pay, Courtney Ryley Cooper.

I believe that our social system is such that there is hardly ten per cent. of truth in it. As a writer, Cooper knows that if he told the truth, gave all sides, he would make a squirrel's living with the big-paying magazines.

I covered a considerable portion of the Dillinger gang's exploits for a national syndicate. Three hundred dollars was taken from the stipulated price because I "was too sympathetic with the killers."

The man who took Dillinger into crime is now settled down, doing well. He was an ex-convict at the time. Dillinger, at his father's behest, pleaded guilty, did nine years of hell and bitterness. The other fellow stood trial and got off with a year. Now it is

possible that Dillinger was, in the smug phrase that covers so much ignorance, "a born criminal," but knowing he had been shoved around by a judge and our social system, did not help matters much.

It may be true that Dillinger was not a fellow of great imagination, else, no matter what the inducement, he would not have aligned himself against a system, good or bad, that has millions of members who early learned how to "play safe", and that has been millions of years in the forming.

Napoleon, I am told, met a priest on a country road. "Sire," said the man of God, "don't you think you've waged too many wars?"

"Perhaps I have," was the greater man's thoughtful answer, "but it's too great a question to discuss on the public highway."

I WOULD ask Mr. Hoover why, out of a hundred boys who started with me in an orphanage, hardly one has survived, even in a mediocre way?

I don't expect Mr. Hoover to be a Maxim Gorky. His business is



the curbing of crime, not the analysis of it. But Warden Lawes, who began life as a guard, could answer the question, however depressing.

The Rotarian answer would be that I "had the stuff." While such an answer might flatter my ego if I were a more shallow fellow, it would not suffice. I came through. God only knows why or how.

I lived wherever possible on the bounty of prostitutes and thieves, as all will, in time, who, as boys, face hunger. I had neither word of kindness nor encouragement during my formative years from anyone with understanding above his individual social stratum.

A Hoover might catch a Dillinger. He may not know what Dillinger's about. The two worlds must merge. How, with our economic system at its present stage of development, is a question larger than the priest asked Napoleon.

I have never been able to read the so-called "thoughtful articles" on crime in leading magazines, by people who did not know what they were writing about.

Leaving aside any question of ability, I have a dynamic drive and overwhelming energy. Sup-

pose those qualities had, through environmental forces over which I had no control, gone the way of crime.

I would have been riddled by Hoover's men, as perhaps I should have been, from their viewpoint. But the question would still remain. Another fellow, as powerful as myself, would emerge. They'd

have to shoot him . . . blind horses galloping over bridges into the dusk from now on.

I am never moral in judging my less fortunate brothers on the roads of crime. Neither do I suppose one can meet a bludgeon with a parable. Many have kinks that

need to be straightened out. To wait until the kinks have developed and to eliminate them with violence is an ancient method.

LOOKING back upon my own near detour, I am much less apt to judge harshly.

I met him on a railroad in Texas.

"Which way, 'Bo?" he asked.

"To the coast," I answered laconically.

"You don't mind if I string along, do you?"

"Nope."

IN men whom men condemn as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still,  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin and blot,  
I do not dare to draw a line  
Between the two, where God has not.

— JOAQUIN MILLER'S *Byron*.

His eyes flashed when he lit his cigarette. He was broad-shouldered and vital. Good-looking, dark, loquacious, he could alternate quickly between excellent English and the vernacular of the road.

He claimed to be an interior decorator. That he had a motive for such a claim, I was to learn later.

Looking back upon him now through the mists of more than two decades, I realize that he was not without fairness to one who, by the wheel of circumstance, was once his youthful comrade.

He enjoyed the road. For the most part he was as gay and lively with its freedom as a long-imprisoned bird that takes to the air again.

Within a few hours he had secured the job of gilding the altar of a church and returned where I had waited for him in a small park.

He spoke highly of his employer, the priest. He had not spared expense, he said.

My companion obtained a quantity of gilt and returned to the church. I went along.

It was a scene I will never forget — the small solemn church with its blue and star-studded ceiling, and the two rovers working industriously, putting gilt on the altar.

Having served a priest as an altar boy, I thought of the strange paths my life had taken.

It led me to wonder about my companion.

"You are too smart to be on the road," I said to him.

"You're wrong," was his return. "That's where I'm smart. It's the best hideout in the world."

OUR work finished, the priest inspected the altar and exclaimed joyfully, "It shines like the glory of God." The good and kindly man rubbed his hands with delight.

My companion gave me a few dollars and pocketed the rest of the priest's money.

The next day I accompanied him to the post office where he received mail at the general delivery window. One letter seemed to cause him concern. He read it hastily, frowned, tore it to bits and threw them in the street.

The first chill of fall was in the air. Not yet sixteen, I was beginning to worry where I would spend the winter.

In this mood my companion said, "I know where there's a house out in —," naming a wealthy suburb. "The old woman who lives there's in the hospital, and there is nobody home but the maid. The old lady's got diamonds and pearls, and I know she can't wear them in the hospital. You can help me do the job — and I'll split even with you."

With a sudden impulse I said, "All right. I'll take a chance."

My companion's whole manner changed. He shook my hand quickly.

"That's a go. It'll be tomorrow night at two o'clock. I've got to get out of this country anyhow."

IT RAINED all that night and the next day.

My mood was heavy; my heart full of fear and uncertainty.

"I hope this damp weather won't make that altar turn green while we're still here," said my companion.

"Will it do that?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes — that was radiator gilt we put on it. It'll turn green."

"That's a raw deal to hand a decent man."

He did not reply.

Late that night we waited for a street car.

While waiting, I thought of many things. I had never been actually involved in crime.

My sister, a servant girl, had taken me from the orphanage. I had promised her that no matter what happened I wouldn't "turn crook."

Not thinking so much of consequences as of my sister, I said, "I don't want any part of this — I hate to back out — but I think it's dumb."

"You're not yellow, are you?" he asked.

"It's not that — it's something else. I can't explain."

Two policemen rapidly approached us. My companion said hurriedly, "Let's go!" and ran swiftly away.

I stood my ground.

The older policeman took my arm. The younger one chased my companion.

WITH the exception of what I had intended doing that night, I told the policeman a straightforward story.

"You look honest," he said, half convinced, as he waited for his partner.

Soon he returned with my companion handcuffed. We were marched away to jail.

"Why did you run?" I asked my companion, after we had been placed in a cell.

Fearfully ill at ease, he answered, "I thought that priest had squealed."

Our finger prints were taken next morning.

There was consternation over my companion. While escaping from a penitentiary he had committed murder.

I was charged with vagrancy.

The priest came to hold services the following Sunday. He treated us kindly.

My companion was taken away, and died on the gallows.

The priest obtained my release.

"You'll be glad to re-gild my altar," he said. "It has turned green."



# Traits Which Make You Liked

*If you had had this article a few years ago you probably would have twice as many friends today*

by DONALD A. LAIRD, PH.D., SC.D.

*Professor and head of the Department of Psychology, Colgate University*

WHAT can one do to make certain that he is not being handicapped in his progress through life by unwittingly making himself disliked? How can one tell whether or not he is disliked without going to the embarrassment of asking his friends and associates? What can one do to control his own conduct and attitudes so that he will be better liked?

These are all practical questions of the greatest personal importance. And, until recently, no definite answers could be given to them.

To find the answers to these questions and other similar ones, the Colgate Psychological Laboratory undertook experimental work in which the relative significance of nearly one hundred traits and habits, in their effect on personal likes and dislikes, was accurately measured. Only traits and habits which we can reasonably expect to be able to alter for the better by an application of good old-fashioned will-power and self-development were studied.

This experimental work produced evidence that some forty-six traits are of definite importance in determining the emotional attitude of other people toward us. About the same number of other traits, in spite of their apparently important nature, were found to have no appreciable influence, either favorable or unfavorable.

## *Watch These Traits Closely*

CONSIDER the more important traits, the ones which definitely make most people like us. In order of their importance we have given these positive traits a weight that varies from one to three. The first nine in the list below all have a weight of three.

*Be depended upon to do what you say you will.* This trait alone may not make people like you, if you have others in large numbers which offset it, but it is one which you can gamble on. It affects not only your responsibility to your superior, but your relations to practically every person with whom

*From the book, "Why We Don't Like People," by Donald A. Laird by permission A. L. Glaser & Co., publishers, Chicago. Copyright 1935 by Donald A. Laird*

you come in even casual contact. No good executive can afford to overlook the lack of this one trait in his subordinate.

*Go out of your way to help others.*

*Do not show off your knowledge.* Yet the poor college professor is hired to show off what he knows. The teacher or parent or executive is apt to be disliked, from the very nature of the tasks he is called upon to perform. Those who want to be liked must try to gain favor by other traits. They must, for instance, possess the two just described above.

*Do not let yourself feel superior to your associates, and be careful lest they get the impression that you do.* One of the most brilliant young men I know, although unconscious of his brilliance, is much disliked. He has no desire to show off, to exhibit superiority, but that is the impression which others get, and it counts against him. It is probably difficult to be brilliant and still be liked.

*Do not reprimand people who do things that displease you.* The woman in the small town who wants to boss everybody and manage everything is almost universally disliked. She is probably doing more good for the town than anyone else, but that doesn't have any weight with the neighbors. She has to pay the penalty of being personally hated.

*Do not exaggerate in your statements.* In spite of the commonness

of the habit of telling tall stories, and its apparent innocuousness in most cases, this is one of the traits which was found to be most important as a ground for dislike.

*Do not make fun of others behind their backs.* Here is a case in point. I know the general manager of a certain company, a man in some ways very clever in social matters. His company dominates the small town in which it is located. When he came there they almost had the brass band out to welcome him. Six months later he could hardly have found a townsman to give him a lift down the road without a scowl.

This man is tremendously capable. What got him into trouble was nothing that he did on the job. It was what he did after office hours. Out on the local nine-hole golf course, in the post-office while waiting for the evening mail, or to entertain guests in his own home, he would tell embarrassingly funny things that had happened to fellow townsmen, or would imitate in hilarious fashion a fellow golfer's manner of making a shot. Good entertainment — but it left everyone feeling a little afraid that "tomorrow he may be making fun of me."

*Do not be sarcastic.* This habit probably operates on the mental reactions of others in very much the same way as the habit of making fun of other people.

*Do not be domineering.* A tend-

ency to do this may be one reason for the unpopularity of women as bosses.

This completes the list of the traits to which I have given a value of three. These alone give us already a pretty fair picture of human likes and dislikes and their reasons. People in general dislike exaggeration, dislike undependability, dislike the man who will not go out of his way to help others.

These broader traits they feel very strongly. The underlying moral code indicated by the nature of these dislikes is definitely a good one. Needless to say, it is a code which lies much deeper than such surface manifestations as minor weaknesses for liquor, for gambling, for shady stories, and the like. In themselves those have no effect on the emotions of other people toward us.

### *Reasons for Dislike*

**B**EFORE we go on with the traits that have a weight of two, it would be well to give some explanation of the psychological theories that emerge, so that the remaining traits can be viewed in relation to them.

It appears from our data and discussions with individuals who have contributed to the work that in general we dislike people for one of three reasons. We may dislike them because (1) we are afraid of them. They are (2)

sarcastic, or they are likely to make fun of us to our backs. We may dislike them because they (3) deflate our ego.

They boss us, they are domineering, they know more than we know, or in some way make us feel smaller. I do not like to say, as some persons do, that they irritate our inferiority, or give us an inferiority complex. I prefer the more simple direct statement that they deflate our ego. Again, we may dislike them because they do petty things of one kind or another that annoy us.

The traits with a value of three and two bear the closest relation to deflating our ego or making us afraid. Conversely, the affirmative traits of equal values are those which bring happiness and emotional exhilaration to those with whom their possessors come in contact. The traits of minor importance, those with a value of only one, have more to do with annoyance.

Here are the traits with a value of two.

*Keep your clothing neat and tidy.* Cleanliness is still next to the greatest virtues. It is liked almost as well as dependability and helpfulness.

*Do not be bold and nervy.* One should have self-confidence, of course, but should not have too much "brass" or the reputation for having it. The house-to-house salesman is not a popular char-



acter. Unfortunately work as canvassers selling magazines, vacuum cleaners, floor brushes, etc., is often recommended as good summertime experience for college students. To my mind the experience such an occupation gives in developing boldness is not a good thing for them.

*Do not laugh at the mistakes of others.* Never laugh at a man because he comes to a social function in a queer costume, or uses the wrong fork at table, or appears on the street with his shirt tail hanging out. Get your laugh from the movies, the vaudeville act, or the pages of Judge. Don't take it out on other people in real life.

*Do not take a vulgar attitude toward the opposite sex.* Although most people do not object to shady stories, they do object by and large to a generally vulgar attitude toward the opposite sex.

*Do not be inclined to find fault with everybody else.* Like a good many of the other traits which promote dislike, this one tends to increase a little with age, especially with extreme age. This accentuation of disagreeable traits with advancing age explains why young people think old people are harder to get along with.

*Do not correct the mistakes of others.* Don't try to serve as a grammar or a book of etiquette for your friends. They don't like to have someone else point out to them that they have said "don't"

when they should have said "doesn't", or have shaken hands when they should merely have bowed. If they want to get criticism, they are perfectly capable of asking for it, or learning their errors from an authoritative book. It doesn't pay to give gratuitous advice of that kind.

*Do not tell jokes at the expense of those listening.* Very similar to but not the same as the trait of making fun of people behind their backs. The toastmaster is probably weakening friendships as he cracks jokes at the expense of the speakers whom he is introducing to his audience. Most experienced speakers dislike this habit and say it handicaps them in making their talk. It has put the audience in an unfavorable mental attitude, for the speaker comes before them in a ridiculous light which he must first overcome before gaining their sympathetic attention. That may explain why after-dinner speeches are usually regarded as a necessary evil.

*Do not try to have your own way.* This is not the same as domineering! If your superior tells you to do such and such a thing in a certain way, don't insist on going ahead doing it the same old way you always did just out of obstinacy.

*Do not lose your temper.*

*Do not take the initiative in argument.*

*Smile pleasantly,* although it is doubtful if smiling while you are

insisting on having your own way can entirely offset the effect of your obstinacy.

*Do not talk continuously.* Mark Twain said to Helen Keller, "The reason I like you, Helen, is because you do not talk much." Mark himself preferred to do all the talking. It does not matter whether your voice is high-pitched or low-pitched, rasping or musical, whether you use pet phrases, foreign phrases, or slang. These habits are all neutral in effect, but continuous talking is not. This handicap seems to be more common among women as a sex than men, yet we have found in some experiments that, contrary to general impressions, young men talk more than young women. Moreover, the young women do not like this trait in their masculine acquaintances.

*Do not pry into other people's business.* There are plenty of lawyers whose business is to do that. They know a good deal about everybody's affairs. That is probably one reason why even when they possess the most pleasing personalities, lawyers are generally feared. And the fear may be easily developed into dislike.

### *Other Important Traits*

THE following traits have a value of one:

*Do not keep your end of the conversation up by asking questions.* While people like to hear them-

selves talk, apparently they do not like to be egged on to talk by third degree methods. The person who, after you have finished recounting an experience or telling a story, says, "What did you do next?" is not increasing his popularity. Day by day in every way he is getting more unpopular.

*Do not ask favors of others.*

*Do not be out of patience with modern ideas.*

*Do not be flattering.*

*Do not talk about your personal troubles.* You can talk about your health, but do not discuss your other troubles, such as your financial reverses, your family quarrels, or the mean things other people have done to you.

*Do not spread gossip.* Gossips are not popular even among their own kind.

*Do not be dignified.*

*Be cheerful.*

*Be enthusiastic, not lethargic.*

*Do not mispronounce words.* James M. Barrie once used this characteristic in his play, "A Kiss for Cinderella," as a clever trick to build up dislike for one of the characters, the policeman who continually made mistakes in pronunciation.

*Do not be suspicious that people are trying to put something over on you.*

*Do not be lazy.* You can be a high pressure worker or an easy going one without any visible effect on your popularity, but if you are lazy you will be disliked

for it. The older generation suffer on this count, for they have reached the stage in which rheumatism, arteries, joints and muscles begin to call for a life of ease and retirement!

*Do not borrow things.*

*Do not tell people what their moral duty is.*

*Do not correct the mistakes of others.*

*Do not tell people what is right and wrong.* Do not give moral lectures.

*Do not try to get people to believe as you believe.* This habit is similar to that of taking the initiative in argument.

*Do not be a political radical.*

*Do not talk rapidly.* Talking continuously has a value of two, talking rapidly has a value of one.

*Do not laugh loudly.*

### *You Can Change Yourself*

IN ONE PHASE of our experiment we asked the subjects to write down as fast as they could the initials of all the people they could think of whom they disliked intensely. At the end of a half-minute we stopped them. In that half-minute some had been able to think of only one person for whom they felt intense dislike. Others thought of as many as fourteen. Some thought of those they disliked as rapidly as they could write down initials.

*This test showed that those who expressed their dislike for the largest*

*number of persons were the very individuals who themselves possessed the largest number of generally disliked traits.* This makes us feel safe in stating in a general way that if you dislike many people you probably are, in turn, disliked by many people. And by the same token, if you like many people you are probably liked by many.

It is plain from our investigation that one can very radically modify these undesirable traits. Here is an actual illustration. A certain boy turned out by his own rating to have the worst score in the collection. Now it happened that this boy possessed, in spite of that, numerous advantages and talents which would seem to make it comparatively easy for him to be liked. He had wealth and social accomplishments, dressed well, played the piano like a wizard, and was good as an amateur in several popular forms of athletics. All to no avail. By the admission of all the other students in the group who knew him, as well as by his own description of himself, he was shown to be the most disliked.

For sixteen months he had been in close contact with a group of about fifteen boys of his own age. For sixteen months, in the manner of boys, they had been telling him that he was "all wet," and that he was "a pain in the neck." He knew well enough that he was disliked, but he honestly



did not know why. The analysis which he made for himself in ten minutes in the laboratory pointed out definite traits as the reasons why he was disliked. Thus, in place of a vague realization of his misfortune he secured a diagram of the weak points which were to blame and which he knew he must correct.

Two weeks after this boy had made his self-analysis, one of the others of his group was working for me for a few hours. In the course of conversation, he remarked, "Say, what did you do to Smithers? We have razzed him and been after him continually for almost two years now, and here something happened up in the laboratory — I don't know what, whether it was a serum or an injection of horse sense, but he is a changed fellow. We are beginning to like him immensely."

One of the traits of this boy had been showing off his knowledge. He never spoke of salt except as sodium chloride, partly in fun but also with an underlying desire of displaying his learning. Another trait was the habit of trying to get others to do things for him. He had the reputation of buying one package of cigarettes a month and smoking two packages a day. The analysis had pointed out traits like these which even the boys who disliked him did not realize caused their dislike.

Nearly all of the traits we have

listed can be changed quite readily and simply. Such traits as physical awkwardness, which may be caused by conditions not under the control of the will, were discussed but not included in our tests. We have studied just common traits that the average individual is very likely to take for granted, not realizing the important bearing they have on relationships with other people. These traits may keep a man out of a job, lose him opportunities for promotion, or make him very lonesome during his idle hours, all because people are afraid of him, because he deflates their ego, or because they find him annoying.

Lincoln said, "The Lord must have loved the common people, because he made so many more of them than any other kind." The surest way to be popular is to be a common person. A man who is uncommon, who is brilliant, critical, endowed with superior intellect, is ipso facto, building up dislike for himself among all those who are not like himself. He deflates the ego of the common people and is feared by them.

You can overcome the handicap of uncommonness only by extraordinary service of some kind, by deliberately going out of your way to help others.

In the traits we have enumerated the average man holds the key to the attitude toward him of his fellow average men. (See test on next two pages.)

## How Popular Are You?

*Give yourself a score of three for each of these questions you can answer "Yes":*

1. Can you always be depended upon to do what you say you will?
2. Do you go out of your way cheerfully to help others?
3. Do you avoid exaggeration in all your statements?
4. Do you avoid being sarcastic?
5. Do you refrain from showing off how much you know?
6. Do you feel inferior to most of your associates?
7. Do you refrain from bossing people not employed by you?
8. Do you keep from reprimanding people who do things that displease you?
9. Do you avoid making fun of others behind their backs?
10. Do you keep from domineering others?

*Give yourself a score of two for each of these questions you can answer "Yes":*

11. Do you keep your clothing neat and tidy?
12. Do you avoid being bold and nervy?
13. Do you avoid laughing at the mistakes of others?
14. Is your attitude toward the opposite sex free from vulgarity?
15. Do you avoid finding fault with everyday things?
16. Do you let the mistakes of others pass without correcting them?
17. Do you loan things to others readily?
18. Are you careful not to tell jokes that will embarrass those listening?
19. Do you let others have their own way?
20. Do you always control your temper?
21. Do you keep out of arguments?
22. Do you smile pleasantly?
23. Do you avoid talking almost continuously?
24. Do you keep your nose entirely out of other people's business?

*Give yourself a score of one for each of these questions you can answer "Yes":*

25. Do you have patience with modern ideas?
26. Do you avoid flattering others?
27. Do you avoid gossiping?

28. Do you refrain from asking people to repeat what they have just said?
29. Do you avoid asking questions in keeping up a conversation?
30. Do you avoid asking favors of others?
31. Do you avoid trying to reform others?
32. Do you keep your personal troubles to yourself?
33. Are you natural rather than dignified?
34. Are you usually cheerful?
35. Are you conservative in politics?
36. Are you enthusiastic rather than lethargic?
37. Do you pronounce words correctly?
38. Do you look upon others without suspicion?
39. Do you avoid being lazy?
40. Do you avoid borrowing things?
41. Do you refrain from telling people their moral duty?
42. Do you avoid trying to convert people to your beliefs?
43. Do you avoid talking rapidly?
44. Do you avoid laughing loudly?
45. Do you avoid making fun of people to their faces?

The higher your score by this self-analysis the better liked you are in general. Each "No" answer should be changed through self-guidance into a "Yes" answer. The highest possible score is eighty-one. About 10% of people have this score. The lowest score made by a person who was generally liked was fifty-six. The average

young person has a score of sixty-four. The average score of a person who is generally disliked is thirty. The lowest score we found was twelve. It is encouraging to note that the average young person has a score closer to that of the average person who is liked than to that of the average person who is disliked.

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### *Imagination Pays Dividends*

**T**HE quality of imagination or "creative ability" is the only difference between 100 men who made \$5,000 a year throughout the depression and 100 who didn't make more than \$35 a week, it is revealed in a study reported by Dr. F. L. Wells, of the Psychology Laboratory in Boston.

Sober thought: further investigation showed that men either have imagination or have not; it does not "grow with age."



# Looking Upward

I WOULD rather think of my religion as a gamble than to think of it as an insurance premium.

— *Rev. Stephen S. Wise.*

A LIFE lacking spiritual security is like a random note. It is not so much what we get hold of that gives us security, but what gets hold of us. Religion brings into life a great theme which lifts up random notes into abiding significance. — *Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

HITCH your wagon to a star. Let us not fag in paltry works which serve our pot and bag alone.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

YOUTH does not know enough, has not suffered enough, has not failed often enough, is not tempered enough to move the world. It is a man, grown, matured, baffled by the years, beaten often in the struggle against the world, who can be the unconquerable witness of the spirit of God.

— *Rev. Allan Knight Chalmers.*

MAN is complete and upstanding only when he would be more than man. — *Miguel de Unamuno.*

PEOPLE today are like subway

trains, which take on bad and good and carry them where they would go. The minds of many take on any kind of freight, with not very much interest, and let it go at any sort of place.

— *Rev. Milo H. Gates*

IN ACTION, in desire, we must submit perpetually to the tyranny

of outside forces; but in thought, in aspiration, we are free, free from our fellowmen, free from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl, free even, while we live, from the tyranny of death.

— *Bertram Russell.*

WITH all the modern laws conceivable in operation and with the finest business methods ever known, we poor humans are still creatures of our mental states. Dr. Crile of Cleveland attributes sixty per cent of all sickness and physical disorders directly or indirectly to worry. Real faith cures that as love drives out hate.

— *Rev. Christian F. Reisner.*

WITHOUT a belief in personal immortality, religion is surely like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.

— *Max Muller.*

FORMULA for success:  
Stand up to be seen,  
speak up to be heard, and  
shut up to be appreciated.  
— *Rev. J. Murray Taylor.*

## Throw Away Your Cathartics?

*Laxatives: The Great Illusion! The golden rule for constipation victims is, "Treat your colon kindly"*

by DR. W. H. GLAFKE

*Associate Attending Physician, St. Luke's Hospital, New York*

MR. JONES came in dejected and weary-looking.

"Doctor," he said, "everything I eat turns to gas. I've tried all sorts of diets and nothing seems to make any difference. My belt feels too tight most of the time, I'm bloated and sore through the abdomen, I'm afraid to eat, because I feel so filled up afterward. I haven't any appetite really — but I eat because I know I have to, to keep alive.

"Every morning I wake up with crampy pains in the abdomen, and my sleep is restless so I'm tired all the time. I've lost my pep, and don't care sometimes whether I go on or not. I'm sure it's autointoxication, but I do everything to keep up my elimination. I take something every night because if I don't I never get any action and I have a headache, feel 'dopey' and can't do my work. I never get a good clearing out — and my food just doesn't seem to digest at all."

Poor devil! *He's the product of the great American habit of self-medication*

for constipation. If he had any heart symptoms he'd see the doctor. If his kidneys were giving any trouble he'd seek medical advice. If he had any real difficulties with his skin he'd get medical care.

But when it comes to "indigestion" he follows the lead of his Mother and his Grandmother, or of some so-called "health" articles he's read, and proceeds to dose himself up with cathartics which he sees advertised on all sides with promises of "regulation" and "cure."

LET'S go back into his history. As a boy, if he ate a little indiscreetly, his mother gave him a dose of castor oil, or perhaps, calomel. She didn't feel it necessary to ask the doctor about it — "all he needed was a good cleaning out."

On other occasions, when he did call the doctor for a bad cold or the grippe, he was given cathartics of one kind or other to "clear out his system." The family doctor-book recommended various

"herb teas" — "gentle aperients" — "blue mass", calomel "to touch up the liver", or castor oil for various "simple" digestive upsets.

As he grew up and managed his own little ills, it was logical that all he needed for his occasional attacks of indigestion was to "take a physic." He was raised on the idea that his bowels must move every day, and he found as time went on that he had to take more frequent laxatives to insure this result. His digestive discomforts became more and more intense, and he took finally something every night to try and correct the condition.

What can we do to help him? The answer to this question requires that we go back to first principles in the physiology and anatomy of the digestive tract.

Anatomically, the digestive system consists of a series of organs called the mouth, esophagus or gullet, stomach, small intestine, large intestine or colon, and rectum. The esophagus carries the food from mouth to stomach, after the food has been chewed up and mixed with saliva in the mouth.

In the stomach, certain tiny glands form water, acid, and pepsin and the stomach churns the food and mixes it thoroughly with these fluids until the mixture is liquid. Then little by little this liquid is pushed through the lower end of the stomach into the small intestine. *It takes about five to six*

*hours for the average meal to pass through the stomach.*

In the small intestine the food is pushed slowly along — by peculiar squeezing motions of the intestinal walls. The lining membrane of the small intestine has millions of small "fingers" projecting into the cavity of the intestine. These fingers are covered by special cells which have the ability to absorb the liquid food elements and pass them into the blood, which in turn carries them to the liver and the body generally.

The small intestine finally takes all the nutriment from the food, and then pushes what is left, the waste material, on into the colon. *It takes from six to twelve hours for the food to pass through the small intestine.*

WE now come to the colon or large intestine which is the important organ concerned with elimination. It starts in the lower right side of the abdomen, passes up the right side to the ribs, turns across the middle of the abdomen, turns up under the ribs on the left side, then goes down the left side, and after one or two large twists, becomes the rectum. The waste material from the small intestine comes into it in the lower right side.

This waste material is still liquid, and is of no further value to us as all the real food elements have been absorbed in the small



intestine. The colon now has for its job the reabsorption of water from this residue. It moves the material slowly along, gradually absorbing the water, and the residue becomes less and less liquid until in the left or descending colon the actual formation of the evacuation begins to take place. When the waste material is finally passed from the body it is a compact cylindrical mass.

*The colon is, then, really a dehydrating plant. It takes in at its upper end a liquid mass, and passes out of its lower end a solid mass. This process takes normally twelve to twenty-four hours. It can be seen that if the material is hurried through the*

colon, insufficient time will be given for absorption of the water, and the evacuation will be mixed with water and abnormally soft or loose.

If, on the other hand, the progress through the colon is too slow, then too much water will be absorbed and the residue will be hard and ball-like. *The real test of whether the colon is acting normally,*

*is the consistency of the evacuation. If the evacuation is hard and difficult to move, then the colon is acting too slowly. If the evacuation is loose and unformed, the colon is working too fast.*

*The important thing is not how often the bowels move, but rather what formation the movement has. Some people have a normal movement every other day and are not constipated, while others have two or three hard movements a day, and are constipated. The average normal person has one or two soft-formed evacuations a day.*

### Don't Disturb Your Digestive Rhythm

**T**RAFFIC in your alimentary canal moves according to this time-table:

Food passes through the stomach in five to six hours, through the small intestine (where nourishing elements are absorbed) in six to twelve hours, and through the colon in twelve to twenty-four hours.

Cathartics accelerate this traffic and play havoc with the time-schedule. What this disturbance may mean to you is explained by Dr. Glafke.

**T**HE time element or the rhythm of the digestive tract is important. Food eaten

at breakfast, lunch, and dinner *yesterday* was passed down through the stomach and small intestine *yesterday* and last night, and its residue is gathered in the right side in the first portion of the colon *this* morning. During today and tonight, it will be moved along slowly through the colon and will be eliminated *tomorrow* morning. Yesterday's food gives tomorrow's

evacuation. It takes thirty-six to forty-eight hours for food to complete its trip through the alimentary canal.

Let us see what happens to this timing if we take a cathartic tonight when we retire. It passes through the stomach, hurries things along in the small intestine during the night and early tomorrow morning strikes the right side of the colon. Because it is an irritant, the colon pushes it along to get rid of the irritation, and when the bowel moves tomorrow morning, not only tomorrow's evacuation is passed, but also the evacuation that should not be passed until day-after-tomorrow.

*When day-after-tomorrow comes, the bowel has not had time to "catch up," no movement is passed — and because the bowels do not move all day, another laxative is taken.*

Why does Mr. Jones have his symptoms? Because he is suffering from "cathartic colitis." His digestive organs, particularly the colon, are inflamed and congested by repeated exposure to irritating substances called cathartics.

Included in this category are such drugs as cascara, aloes, senna, magnesia, phenolphthalein, Epsom salts, Siedlitz powder, castor oil, calomel, etc. All have the common property in greater or less degree of hurting the lining membranes of the digestive tract, and causing overactivity of the propulsive contractions of the intestinal wall.

Normally, these contractions of the colon wall are quiet, gentle and painless — we are entirely unconscious of them. Gases are always present to some degree in the colon but are absorbed into the blood sufficiently so that no discomfort is felt by their presence.

**A**FTER repeated catharsis however, the contractions become too strong and vigorous, giving sensations of cramping pain, and rumbling and gurgling throughout the abdomen; furthermore the congestion and impaired circulation of the colon lining prevent the normal interchange of gases into the blood and, with the accumulation of gas, our patient feels distended and bloated and, after he eats, feels uncomfortably full from the pressure of food in the stomach against his sore colon.

The lining membrane of the colon is normally a protective membrane. It acts as a barrier between the intestinal contents on one side and the blood stream on the other. The colon is simply a cavity of our body in which waste material is gathered until such time as it may be eliminated.

We get no poisoning or "auto-intoxication" from this residue remaining in a colon whose lining is healthy. *If, however, the colon wall is inflamed and congested from frequent catharsis, it may absorb through its unhealthy surface "poisons" or "toxic substances."* Our

object must be, therefore, not to keep on sweeping out these food residues with cathartics which keep the membrane unhealthy, but rather to allay the inflammation and build up the normal barrier-like action of the colon wall, by healing measures.

To institute these healing measures we must understand the underlying physiology of colon action. The normal "push" to start colonic contractions is the presence of residue in the right side of the colon. If a large amount of residue is present the contractions will be more active than if a small amount only is present.

The average healthy person eats enough residue in his three meals to give the proper bulk and the colon passes it along at just the right rate to give a formed evacuation. Some people have a "touchy" or sensitive colon and with the average amount of bulk or residue, their colons act too fast and the evacuations are loose and unformed.

Other people have slow-moving "lazy" colons, and require large amounts of residue to get the colon to act. *It is necessary, therefore, to find for each individual the proper amount of residue for his particular colon.* This we determine by the consistency of the evacuations; if they are too hard, more bulk is needed: if too soft, less bulk.

Among our foods we have a group called non-residue or "smooth" foods. Meats, fish, fowl, eggs,

white starchy cereals and breads, milk, cream, fruit juices, soups, tea, coffee, and various combinations of these foods, — all are "smooth" because they are so completely absorbed in the small intestine that very little residue remains in the colon.

On the other hand, the so-called roughage foods — coarse breads, coarse cereals, cooked and raw vegetables, cooked and raw fruits — all leave varying amounts of unabsorbable cellulose in the colon, material out of which we can get no nutriment and which is therefore discharged from the body as waste. This cellulose residue is normally stimulating to colonic contractions if the membrane lining the colon is healthy. If, however, the lining is congested and irritated this cellulose is so coarse and rough that it causes overactive contractions with resulting cramps and loose evacuations.

Now, let's take care of Mr. Jones. He's been taking cathartics for months or years. His colon lining is inflamed and congested, and his evacuations are loose and unformed. He's really suffering from artificial diarrhoea! We must therefore start him on the *smooth* foods because the rough foods are too coarse for his tender, sick colon. These smooth foods, however, won't give him enough residue to give the proper urge to his colon, and our physiology



demands bulk of some kind. So we add to his food one of the "bulk producers."

By "bulk producers" we mean the group of substances that have the property of absorbing water in the intestinal tract and swelling up to a gelatinous or mucilaginous state, and which are not absorbed in the small intestine. One is agar, which is derived from seaweed and which comes in various forms from powder to coarse flakes. Another is Psyllium seed, which in the intestinal tract exudes a slippery mucilage that lubricates and softens the content of the colon. Another is the gum of the Bessorin or Kabaya plant.

These substances are put out by the drug manufacturers in many different forms, and unless they are "spiked" by the addition of cascara, senna, frangula, magnesia, etc., are harmless to the intestinal wall and act *purely because they produce bulk*, and not because they irritate. They can be used indefinitely without harm. They all have the property, furthermore, of retaining their moisture in the colon.

SO MR. JONES now has a smooth diet and a smooth bulk in his sore colon and he continues on this regime for a few weeks until the colon has had time to recover. *If his evacuations are too compact, he needs more bulk producer; if too soft, less.*

As his gas pains and abdominal soreness subside he later gradually adds the cooked vegetables and fruits — still later, the raw foods, until his diet is a general one. As these roughage foods are added he may cut down his dose of bulk producer and in time dispense with it altogether. *Some people with lazy colons can't take enough roughage foods to make their particular colons work properly. They need to continue the bulk producers indefinitely, and are not harming themselves by so doing.*

The colon will act if you will give it proper material to work with. It resents being driven and whipped, and will make you miserable if you continue irritating it with the drug or saline cathartics. It is slow-moving and likes to take its time. It has a lining which protects you from its contents if that lining is normal. Treat it with respect and it will serve you well.

### How's Your Thyroid?

THE thyroid gland to a great extent regulates your physical energy. Here's a simple test of its activity:

With your right thumb and forefinger, pinch up the skin on the back of your left hand. Hold it this way for a few seconds; then let go quickly. If the ridge of skin instantly flattens out, it indicates that your thyroid gland is normally active (or possibly overactive), but if the fold of the skin relaxes slowly and sluggishly, your thyroid is relatively inactive and produced too little secretion.

# Keeping Fit This Winter

*Cold-weather letdown will get you if you don't watch out; keep in condition with the famous Artie McGovern*

*by* ARTIE MCGOVERN

DO YOU know that the temperature of the room in which you work has a tremendous influence on your efficiency? I think that if the truth of that statement were fully realized, none of us would attempt to accomplish anything in stuffy, overheated quarters, but would make every effort to attain perfect working conditions in so far as fresh air and moderate temperature are concerned.

Energy lags as the thermometer rises. A close atmosphere can tire a man more quickly than physical labor. On the other hand, don't expect a person to be at his best if his office or workshop is frigidly cold. There is always a happy medium.

You will find yourself capable of accomplishing more and of doing your work with greater efficiency in quarters that are well ventilated without direct drafts, and warm enough for comfort without being overheated.

## *Canned Vitamins*

PREJUDICES against tinned foods are outmoded, for with scientific advancement in canning

processes we know that vitamins do come in cans. Naturally, we all prefer fresh foods when they are easily obtainable. In the winter it is more difficult to obtain fresh foods.

However, the old idea that ptomaine poison would result from "eating out of tin cans" is antiquated and we know now that essential elements are preserved in sufficient quantity to be beneficial. Canned foods make possible a greater variety in our meals, to say nothing of simplifying their preparation. Seasonable fruits and vegetables that would be impossible to obtain in their fresh state are to be found on the grocer's shelves sealed in jars or cans that keep their flavor and their vitamins intact.

When your menus become monotonous because certain standard items are no longer in season, don't scoff at preserved foods. They are wholesome, nutritious, and a great aid in keeping your meals well balanced. The can opener has advanced from a bride's joke to an essential piece of culinary equipment. Use it freely.

### *Weighting at the Bridge*

THE afternoon bridge party is one of the most popular forms of recreation for women, and one that can be quite beneficial when we consider it as a mental diversion that brings relaxation and relief from household worries. With the winter social season in full swing, the bridge party comes into its full popularity.

It seems to me, however, that too many women ruin what might otherwise be a pleasant and healthful mode of entertainment by mixing their bridge games with rich tidbits, cocktails, and cigarettes. No wonder they start taking on weight and lose their appetites for dinner!

When you entertain or are being entertained, have consideration for your health as well as your partner. If you must eat, drink, and smoke, do so in moderation. You can munch candies or nut meats if you like, but why try to eat your hostess' entire supply? Smoke too, but not to excess. You'll enjoy yourself, feel better and play a better game.

### *Alkaline Crazy*

I AM frankly amazed at the number of housewives whose letters show grave concern over the acid or alkaline reaction of the foods that make up their daily menus.

Persons who eat an ordinary mixed diet of meat, vegetables, fish, milk, eggs, and fruits have no

reason to worry about the reactions produced in the body. Some individuals may be affected by excessive acid-forming foods, but they are the exceptions, not the rule. As a matter of fact *the body never actually becomes acid in reaction unless the alkaline reserve in the blood stream is depleted and then we have a serious condition of acidosis.*

In general, all fruits, vegetables and milk are alkaline in their effect and a menu that contains a reasonable quantity of them is well balanced. So, unless you are troubled with some organic disease, it is perfectly safe to eat — and enjoy — a varied diet without fretting about food reactions.

### *How to Live at Home*

A MAN's house may be his castle, but according to statistics, it is the most dangerous place on earth. Home accidents are responsible for more injuries than our motor crowded highways, and the fact that most of them can be prevented, should arouse each of us to the need for a personal safety campaign.

Highly polished floors are especially hazardous for elderly people and little children. Many a fractured arm or leg might have been avoided, if the floors were not quite so slippery. Carelessness with matches and open fires account for countless burns, some of which result in death.

These are only a few of the ways



in which people are badly hurt every year. So check up on your home and see to it that any necessary repairs are made; matches, knives and other sharp instruments are well out of the children's reach; darkened corners are brightly lighted and insofar as possible the family is protected from the pain and discomfort of injuries in the home.

### *Check Your Diet*

SO, you are "on a diet," but can't lose any weight? You exercise faithfully and still the scales show no satisfactory loss? Suppose you tackle the diet question and see if you are not, in spite of your sincerity of purpose, "cheating" just enough to make the difference between success and failure.

The first step is to write down carefully *every item of food* you eat for two or three days. Don't leave out a thing. Conscientiously list the pats of butter, the lumps of sugar or the spoons of rich salad dressing taken with your meals.

Once you have it down in black and white you may find that these little trouble makers are adding the extra calories which prevent your getting rid of excess pounds.

It's much easier to rectify mistakes if you have a clear picture of them, instead of a vague notion that you are actually following your well balanced and carefully selected reducing diet.

### *Program for Health*

RECREATION is almost universally misunderstood. Certainly it is misapplied. Recreation should be what the word itself implies — a re-creating of the mind and body, a builder-up.

Recreation should be play, but too many of us make work of our play. We concentrate so strongly on our hobby, that instead of riding it, we let it ride us.

There are two types of recreational hobbies — the active type embraces the more vigorous sports such as golf, tennis, hiking, riding, dancing, skating, and the like. The passive type includes bridge, reading, knitting, mild exercises, etc. As a matter of fact, the mental rest that comes from daily recreation properly taken is just as important as the physical.

Whatever hobby you pursue, you should always remember that it is essential to your pleasure, but you should keep it compatible with your health.

Readers wishing a free chart of the Artie McGovern Daily Dozen, used by many famous men to keep fit, may send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Artie McGovern, care of YOUR LIFE,  
354 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

# A Nervous Breakdown Is Your Own Fault

*If you're rushing into a nervous crackup, slow down  
and quit dealing your life-cards from a stacked deck*

by HOWARD HALL

THE proud possessor of a nervous breakdown is usually a querulous, self-centered, cruel, testy, egotistical, irascible and generally nasty individual who ought to be more scorned than pitied, except for one disturbing reason: There, but for the grace of God, go I — or you.

All of us, sooner or later, are bound to exhibit mild neurotic symptoms when life puts on a bogeyman's mask. These symptoms may be dramatized as "nerves," "nervousness," and may eventually achieve the awesome climax of a "nervous breakdown."

"Nervous breakdown" is pretty much a layman's term. Doctors sometimes use the expression as a sort of blanket phrase, but most practitioners don't like either the words or the patient. The truth is that the victim of a nervous breakdown has a case that only a mother could love. He is, in a word, difficult. He is never irrational but always unreasonable. He is a person who gets the blind staggers when his world explodes around

his ears. A nervous breakdown is really a form of peacetime shell shock. The breakdown is a means of escape from a personal war raging inside the victim.

By some strange inversion, the victim of "nerves" revels in his (more often, *her*) misery. It's supposed to be smart to be nervous — perhaps because only a spend-thrift of personality can indulge in a nervous breakdown, and even he can't afford it. The impression is that there is some vague nobility implicit in a nervous collapse. As a conversational bid for pity it's much more esthetic than an operation. It implies an organism too fine-spun for the churlish realities of life — a delicate machine thrown horridly out of gear by such monkey-wrenches as economics, marriage, the home, biology and general earthiness.

MRS. F., middle-aged and definitely on the whiny side, had some such conception of her own case.

"You can't imagine the terrible

time I've had," she remarked one evening at a dinner party. "Nobody in the world ever suffered so. My nerves were simply driving me *mad*. And the cruelest part of all was that *my own family* couldn't understand what I was going through —"

"They should have been tolerant," broke in Professor Adams, whose motto is objectivity at any cost. "Mental disease demands understanding treatment."

Mrs. F., gluttonously angling for sympathy, was unspeakably shocked, but the Professor's diagnosis was sound. *A nervous breakdown is a mental illness. It is not insanity, although symptoms may progress to such a stage. It is a disorder of the personality.*

Nothing is physically wrong with the nerves of the person with a nervous breakdown. They are not "depleted" or anemic. The nerves of the body are whitish, translucent filaments which transmit electric impulses ("brain waves," to speak unscientifically) between the muscles and the brain and vice versa. These nerves are just as white, just as translucent, just as offensively healthy in the chap with a breakdown as in a normal person. They do not stretch like rubber bands or snap in two or perform those neurological acrobatics in which the victim fondly believes.

This being the case, a nervous breakdown is classed as a func-

tional neurosis — that is, without physical basis. Neurasthenia, meaning nerve tire, is the fashionable medical word for it. The exhaustion, however, is not physiological. What actually seems to happen is that a bewildering tangle of conflicting messages are poured into the nervous system, short-circuiting the telegraph cables of the body. Energy is misdirected.

It sounds silly to state that a man goes daffy because he wants to, but psychiatrists are agreed that the reason most nervous breakdowns are so hard to cure is that *the patient doesn't want to get well*. Tell him so bluntly and he will weep for your brutality, sulk for your inconsideration, or berate you hotly as a liar. Actually, his illness serves a purpose so deep he isn't even aware of it. It compensates in some manner for his infantile lack of adjustment to the world as it is.

NOT long ago the wife of a Missouri farmer was kicked by a cow while milking. Paralyzed from the waist down, she lay helpless in bed while the family physician tested her reflexes, examined her thoroughly, and reported:

"There's nothing the matter with your legs. You can walk if you want to."

She protested vehemently that this was a base untruth. The doctor was a wise physician who



understood the girl's background. She had been brought up in town, had lived a pampered, sheltered life, had fallen in love with a farmer, married, and had been expected to do her share of the humdrum, tedious farm chores.

"Take her over to Bonesetter Blank," the doctor ordered the husband, naming a quack healer across the county. "He can cure her. I can't."

The husband did as directed, and lo! after a laying-on of hands the wife's paralysis vanished. There was, as the family doctor well knew, no physical cause for her paralysis. The illness existed only in the patient's mind. It was an unconscious and socially acceptable excuse for discontinuing such a distasteful task as milking cows. The paralysis came under the medical classification of hysteria. Her "cure" could not really be regarded as permanent until the mental basis was removed.

Now, the farmer's wife would have been totally undeserving of sympathy if she had deliberately manufactured her illness to deceive her husband. Her paralysis was no less real to her because it originated in her own mind. The victim of a nervous breakdown deals to himself from a stacked deck but is totally unaware that he himself has piled the cards out of order.

Not all persons seeking a flight from reality can be kicked by

cows. They can, however, develop all sorts of nervous symptoms just as effective as paralysis — sick headaches, heart ailments, stomach ills. Hundreds of nervous patients have been operated on for serious ailments which are found to have no physical basis. There are, of course, such illnesses as heart disease and stomach cases which spring from definite physical lesions.

No case can be treated as nervous in origin until a physical basis is disproved. But the average victim of "nerves" lives a long if not a good life. He is quite likely to outlive his family, which he often runs ragged catering to him. In this there is possibly some poetic justice, for the family is often the cause of his nervous breakdown — if not his present family, his wife and children, then the family of which he was a member as a child.

IT is the emotional immaturity of the nervous breakdown victim which betrays him to the psychiatrist. The foundations of most breakdowns are laid in childhood.

Jane S., at twenty-six, has never grown up emotionally. As a child she learned that temper tantrums satisfied her need for attention from other people. Now she uses sick headaches as an unconscious means of making people do things for her.

John L. was an only child who learned that a stomach-ache ab-

solved him from many unpleasant tasks. It's not surprising that he has grown up with a so-called "nervous stomach."

Both Jane and John and hundreds of nervous breakdown victims are above the average in intelligence, but emotionally they are just spoiled kids who never matured. Their primitive instincts remain unadjusted to a world callous enough to make demands on them.

Since no human being ever found the world exactly to his liking, we all have the seeds of nervous breakdown within us. The breakdown never comes suddenly. Symptoms are numerous and varied:

The victim can't sleep.

He flies off the handle easily.

He broods.

He suffers loss of memory, timidity, and dislikes meeting strangers.

He is subject to strange phobias, is irritable and oversensitive and inclined to cruelty to those around him.

He has vague pains, his face is harried.

An important earmark is extreme fatigability.

Treatment of the symptoms is more or less futile. The causes lie buried too deeply in the personality. It is rather well established that a great number of nervous breakdowns spring from love neuroses. The patient is unable to ad-

just his natural instincts and sexual conflicts to the conventions imposed on him. Long engagements with physical repressions "build up to a terrific letdown," as the songwriters put it. Indulgences, whether of emotion, drugs, sentiment, alcohol or the like, also contribute to a debacle of the personality.

Nervous breakdowns can be cured, but not, as a rule, very easily. If you could tell the patient the truth about himself and make him believe it, a cure would be a mere matter of a fifteen-minute conversation. But the patient doesn't want to know the truth and is incapable of recognizing it by himself. A "rest cure" will probably do no good—it isn't physical rest which the victim requires.

ALFRED R. is a nervous Jack Horner who twists and turns in a corner, holding up the plum of insomnia which deviously implies "see what a brave boy am I." Alfred hasn't cracked up in a breakdown yet but he's driving himself there pretty fast.

Much can be done for sleepless Alfreds by making them understand they are sound as a nut physically. No person, unless kept awake by excruciating pain or external factors, can lose enough sleep to do him any harm. The body renews itself at rest whether the host sleeps or not. There was

a Czechoslovakian, shot in the head during the World War, who in twelve years never slept a minute. He wasn't happy about it, but his body remained perfectly normal physically except for the injury to his brain which kept him awake.

An understanding that his nerves are normal, a knowledge of the real physiology of his case, is sometimes enough to start a breakdown victim on the road to recovery. *Cure is largely psychic. The surgeon can't cut out a neurosis like an appendix or dispense personality pills.*

When the breakdown traces back to love conflicts, the patient's mind requires re-educating to a normal attitude toward instincts and desires. Self-discovery is the first objective. If the victim comes to understand his unhealthful complexes, he can substitute healthful ones. If he gets busy, tackles a tough job which brings out his latent enthusiasms, he's well on the way to cure.

Years ago the old-fashioned physician, certain that nothing

was physically wrong with his nervous patient, sent him on his way with a cheerful "You're in perfect health — forget it." Well aware that he wasn't all right, the patient often was driven to cults and faith cures. Doctors understand nervous ailments much better today. The first step of the nervous patient should normally be to talk his case over with his family physician. A mere discussion may clear up many misconceptions of his real physiology.

A psychoanalysis by a qualified man is probably the best therapy for severe breakdowns, but this treatment is expensive and takes a long time. The best treatment, of course, is not cure but prevention. Avoid arguments; practice self-control; don't be a spendthrift of sentiment. Eat, smoke, and drink sensibly.

We can all develop nervous breakdowns if we let ourselves go. But it might act as a deterrent if we could visualize an honest epitaph: "Here lies a man whose emotions never grew up."

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### *How to Stay Young Beyond One's Years*

WE MUST STAND UP against old age and make up for its drawbacks by taking pains. We must fight it as we should an illness. We must look after our health, use moderate exercise, and take just enough food and drink to recruit but not overload our strength. Nor is it the body alone that must be supported, but still more the intellect and the soul; for they are like lamps — unless you feed them with oil, they go out. — CICERO



# The Frigid Wives of Reno

*An eminent scientist offers counsel and comfort to one wife out of every four in America*

by PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.

*Director, Institute of Family Relations; Author of various standard works on social biology*

IN ALL the world there is no traffic jam so pitiable as the one which congests the through-street which is the Frigid Road to Reno.

The highway of frigidity is at once the least popular and best patronized of all roads to divorce. Its terminus in court is marked with such weasel signposts as "Mental Cruelty," "Desertion," "Non-Support," and the like. Face-saving markers they are, legal euphemisms to mask the truth that almost every unhappy marriage shows some sign of sexual maladjustment.

Frigidity is the more pitiable because it is a great unseen divorce factor which is, in the main, preventable. It is even curable.

Statistically, the facts about frigidity are startling enough. One wife out of every four finds marriage physically distasteful or unsatisfactory. There are 30,000,000 married couples in the United States. This means that 7,500,000 couples — or 15,000,000 people —

are affected by frigidity. That is a population just about equal to the last census totals of the nation's five largest cities — New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles. Not all, or even a large percentage of them, will travel the frigid road to its Reno terminus, but they are definitely plodding the upper reaches of the highway.

Within the acquaintance circle of any adult there is almost certain to be a case similar to that of Mrs. Q. Her story is more than a personal history; she is what the biologists call a "type specimen," a sample of hundreds of thousands of others.

She married in 1933 and reached the divorce court last year. Her petition charged mental cruelty and neglect, but as is so often the case, the charges had little relation to the real trouble. At most they were symptoms, not causes, of the break-up. To her intimates, she tells the real story.

"I didn't know a thing when I was married," she admits frankly. Neither did her husband. "It really began on our wedding night. I wasn't prepared at all for marriage. I was just living in a dream. I was disillusioned. But I loved Jimmie and was willing to endure almost anything for his sake, and I thought things would soon get better.

"They didn't get better. For me they got worse. I had taken for granted that the physical side of marriage was something a woman had to endure. But it was too one-sided. Jimmie thought it ought to mean as much to me as it did to him, but I guess I just wasn't born that way. He would get mad at me because I wasn't more affectionate. I would be angry with him because he seemed so selfish and inconsiderate.

"What's the use of going on that way? Life's too short. I met Mr. Meakins, my old boss, one day. He told me the girl that took my place was leaving to get married. On the spur of the moment I asked if I could have my job back. So here I am again."

PERHAPS you are one of that numerous group who have been taken in by stories of the sophistication of modern youth. You think young moderns "know it all." If that is the case, visit the divorce court a few days and have your eyes brutally opened.

You'll find that the sophistication of the younger generation is little more than a bluff and a sham. Thousands of girls graduate from high school and college each year and enter marriage with an amount of information about sex which ought to be a disgrace to a pupil in the upper grades. Boys are just as ignorant as girls. It might be said that for their ignorance of the facts of life they pay a tax of strife. A dismaying proportion of frigid wives like Mrs. Q. give up their attempts to make marriage successful *because of their own and their husbands' ignorance.*

Mrs. R. represents another type of frigidity. Just now she is Mrs. R., but you may have known her as Mrs. D. or Mrs. L. or you may have met her in an interlude between matrimonial excursions. Sex is not distasteful to Mrs. R. It is, on the contrary, too absorbing. She is obsessed with it. Offhand, you probably would not consider her a frigid wife at all. Nevertheless, she definitely belongs in that category.

Her first husband was an intelligent and considerate man. They started off well. Mrs. R. welcomed marital relations, but could never attain the normal climax. In despair, she at length decided that it must be the fault of her husband. She divorced him and married again almost immediately, to go through a similar experience. The second husband also was a failure

as a lover. She divorced him after five months.

By this time she had become a monomaniac. Her mind was constantly focused on her failure to obtain emotional release. Somewhere in the world there must be some man who could be a supremely satisfying mate. She began a period of desperate promiscuity, but each experiment ended in the same frustration.

Both Mrs. Q. and Mrs. R. could have found marriage a normal and satisfying experience if they had been educated properly. Even after their early failures, both of them could have been adjusted successfully to marriage if they had had the proper re-education. *Broadly speaking, frigidity is unnecessary. It is not due to congenital deficiency or anatomical peculiarity.*

THE perpetuation of the species has depended on the capacity to react pleasurably to sexual stimuli. Biologically, therefore, this capacity must be a very fundamental one — certainly no less so than the universal ability to weep, yawn, or sneeze in response to appropriate stimuli.

If, then, several million women report that marriage is physically unsatisfying, it must be because the normal mechanism is prevented from operating, and not because the normal mechanism is absent. The forces working toward sexual normality are, in fact, ex-

traordinarily powerful. This gives the soundest of reasons for optimism in the prevention or treatment of marital frigidity.

Summed up, the sexual disposition is an integral part of the make-up of *every* human being. In frigidity, this part of the woman's personality is split off, shut away, kept inactive by some sort of psychic barrier.

What is the nature of this barrier — what produces it? The answer is usually found readily enough in the woman's early history. The barrier is due to *fear*.

In the case of Mrs. Q. it was true, although she never learned it, that a girl's worst friend may be her mother. In her youth Mrs. Q. was continually warned by her mother, through admonition and example, that men are a bad lot — they mean no good to a woman, they are definitely sinister in intent; a girl's only safety lies in avoiding men, holding them off at arm's length, fending off anything remotely suggesting intimacy.

The lesson was learned all too well. It sank deep into the recesses of the girl's mind, far below the levels of consciousness. There it remained to paralyze her conscious activities. She wanted to be a normal wife, but the unconscious mental barrier prevented it.

These barriers never should have been erected, but, once erected, they should at least have been removed by intensive and



wholesome education before marriage. Mrs. Q. made no effort to prepare herself for marriage.

Mrs. R.'s fear is of different origin but just as devastating. In her first high school year she attended a "sex-talk" by a well-meaning but grossly ignorant physician whose aim was to create as great a sensation as possible. The speaker discussed a common but distasteful habit in a way that caused the girl to worry incessantly. She began to fear that it would blight her life, make her unfit for marriage.

This unthinking fear thenceforward colored all her thinking on the subject of sex. She married earlier than she otherwise would have done because she wanted to find out as soon as possible whether she was a marked woman. She fully expected to find that she was, and she naturally found what she expected.

With each repetition, she was the more apprehensive, and therefore success was the more certainly denied her. Her whole life has been upset, has indeed been ruined, by the consequences of this fear.

Mrs. S. represents a third common type of frigidity. After six months of marriage, she sought the help of a counselor. She had previously consulted a doctor whose advertisements were prominent in the newspapers. He gave her an iron tonic and electrical

treatments, and when these were ineffectual he told her cheerily to "just go home and forget it." She was sensible enough to know this was not the last word, and she had gone into marriage with a determination not to fail. She therefore wrote her college professor of psychology, who referred her to a competent adviser in her own community.

A few minutes' inquiry revealed the cause of her frigidity to lie with her husband. He, in this instance, was the one suffering from boyhood fears, ignorance, and mis-education. The result was a partial impotence.

In many cases it is the husband as well as the wife — often it is the husband *instead* of the wife — who must be treated for the latter's frigidity. Mr. S. worked out his problems with the counselor in weekly conferences for two or three months, and when he had become wholly normal his wife responded adequately.

*Proper education before marriage will prevent nearly all divorces due to sexual maladjustments. Proper education after marriage will solve a large majority of the problems successfully.*

Anyone who goes into the divorce court without having first exhausted the resources of science in this sphere is either ignorant or heedless or indifferent. A couple may find themselves on the frigid road to Reno, but they don't have to stay on that thwarted highway.

# All Lovers are Liars

*Honesty may be the best policy, but mendacity works better for lovers, Miss Putnam believes*

by NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

IF YOU love a person you will gladly say anything he wants to hear. Not only that, but you will go to the trouble to make up pleasant untruths in order to see the beloved one smile.

And no matter how great a sense of humor any two given people may possess, once they fall in love with each other, they will swallow the most outrageous compliments, accept the flimsiest of excuses from each other, and, in short, believe any old sort of falsehood and misrepresentation so long as it will help them nurse along the warm and sometimes delightful sensation we call "being in love."

In my opinion, *the main desire of each individual lover is to experience the emotion of love himself or herself.* And here is where the first basic lie starts. You fall in love with Jane. Very good. But do you say, "Jane, I sure am enjoying this swell sensation you have aroused in me?"

You do not. You say you love her and then immediately follow up with the demand that she love you. But if you are perfectly

honest with yourself you know all the time that the really important thing to you is that *you* have been made to feel.

This explains the fact that unrequited love has been a popular form of self-indulgence for centuries. In fact, unrequited love often lasts a much longer time than any love which is returned and fulfilled, for the simple reason that it takes two to make a quarrel.

The girl or boy you didn't get is usually the perfect lover for you. That is why when you make love to Miss Today you are usually lying because you have mental reservations about Miss Yesterday.

We may hark back in our secret minds to some former love while making love to a new flame. But only the degenerate or hopelessly shallow think ahead of the current love-interest. We all, to quote again, want what we want when we want it. So we don't look ahead of our tender or passionate objective.

On the other hand, comparisons of some sort are practically inevitable to persons of either sex over

the age of fifteen. Even in the midst of an embrace there may and usually does obtrude some remembered image. And so when you are asked "Oh, you don't love anybody but me" and say "yes" you lie. You love, very likely, the current lover, but you also love the memory.

FOR this reason among a thousand others, Love is the sweet-sour dish of life. Love is never unmitigated happiness, except for the briefest of interludes. The joy of loving is, too, practically all one-sided. *I cannot overemphasize the fact that it is much more thrilling to love than to be loved.*

In fact, to be loved by someone we do not care for is the worst bore and nuisance in the world. Such unwanted lovers are positively repellent to us, and occasionally we grow to hate them for no better reason than because of *their love for us!*

But you can be sure of one thing, to wit: that this seemingly disconsolate lover is in a great measure enjoying himself; he or she, as the case may be, would far rather love you and not get you than to part with the precious emotion you have inspired.

We like to make love rather than be made love to for the simple reason that we all enjoy talking about *ourselves*, and love is the supreme subject for the ego. However, the most talkative lovers are

the biggest liars. Real love, of an emotionally deep or very passionate nature, soon becomes inarticulate and takes refuge in gibberish, baby-talk, or silly noises, none of which read well in court or sound well on a dictograph record, as has been substantially proved.

But to go back to the talkative lover. Most people, as Shakespeare discovered long ago, are actors at heart. The advent of the movies has not lessened the desire to act on the part of the masses, for each of us has a secret conviction that we can play as good a love scene as Garbo or Gable, given the chance.

We don't ask for flood-lights and an audience of extras and grips. Quite the contrary, we usually like as little light as possible and a complete absence of spectators. And then how eloquent we can become! What lovely things we can think up to say! And that's the whole point — we *think them up* and when you have to think things up they cannot have the complete spontaneity of truth.

WHEN I think of how many actual meanings the phrase "I love you" has covered up, I blush for the perfidy of the human race which so lightly and selfishly abuses the most valued phrase in any human language. When I think of the young men who have said it to rich old women; of the



lovely girls who have said it to equally trusting, fatuous rich men — when I think of the countless thousands, men and women both, who have used the expression as an alibi for a cheap and common physical hunger, I sometimes wonder that any of us ever believe those glorious words.

We not only tell lies in love, but we also deliberately go out and ask to have lies told to us.

“Do you love me?”

The question which has been echoing around the world for centuries! An unanswerable question most of the time, if the person asked were truly honest. Yet with what dreadful frequency, and merely for the sake of a little peace and quiet has the answer been “yes.”

Only when a definite parting of the ways has been reached can the answer be a forthright “No!” And even that “no” is not by any means always honest, for a hundred million reconciliations have followed such a parting and such a reply. Lovers like to flatter each other with lies; but when they quarrel they also like to hurt each other and are equally glib with lies which will wound.

Another favorite expression which is certain sure to draw fire is “You don’t love me any more.” This phrase is seldom used unless it has some slight basis in fact. Momentarily there has been some slackening in the accused’s emo-

tional reaction. But the accused lies at once. Lying is the easiest way out and as a rule will save a lot of complicated explanations, which might only lead to a more serious breach.

“Of course I love you — you know perfectly well I love you.”

It’s short and if said convincingly, will permit one to go about one’s business without any further bother. Moreover, the recipient of this reassurance is generally content. He or she may not actually believe the statement, but if they *want* to believe it, that is enough. Love is a series of poultices to wounded feelings. And these poultices are made up of that old household remedy, the love catch-phrase. Like most old-fashioned remedies, nine times out of ten, they do the work.

OF COURSE, in most cases the simple lies of lovemaking do no real harm. To tell a girl who is not beautiful that she is the loveliest thing in the world makes the girl happy and makes the man happy too, if only from the sense of having done a generous thing. To tell a man who is not clever, how awfully smart he is works out about the same way. So with all the small, indirect lies which flatter and encourage.

The harm is done when these pretty lies lead into a trap, as often happens. The typical patter of love-lies is assumed to lead, at

some time, into the basic relationship of which pretty speeches are the trimmings. And whether this patter, sincere or not, leads to marriage or a less formal tie, the fact remains that in far too many cases the lies change from the comparatively harmless basis of false flattery, to the genuine tragedy of sexual flattery, of the sex-lies which are based on a mis-mating which one or the other love is either afraid or unwilling to confess.

Women are the greater liars in these matters and the greatest losers. Not all women are willing to face divorce, even nowadays, nor are all women fit or able to face economic independence. And so they lie about their sexual happiness rather than lose their jobs as wives. This is the silliest and the most disastrous of all lovers' lies, and yet one of the most common.

The fashion in love-making changes, as does any other fashion. One has only to read the lyrics of love songs through the last few centuries to see a steady increase of honesty in love-making. For example, in 1688, John Gay told his lady that she was:

*"Sweeter than the berry  
O, Nymph more bright  
Than moonshine nigh."*

And a lot of other complete inaccuracies!

From then on, poets and song writers, whom we must, I suppose,

take as a gage of love-making, talked about nightingales and dying of love, swooning with love, kissing the hem of the loved one's garment and being content to die after doing so.

IN OUR own times we have seen a tremendous change. Even at the turn of the century the saccharine lies of the Victorian love songs began to vanish and to be replaced with gay flippancies, or sentimental frustrations. "Did You Mean it When You said 'I Love You'?" swept America wistfully. "You're the Cream in My Coffee" we chanted, trying to cover up our shamefacedness about love; a shamefacedness largely brought about by the new and more honest facing of sex as the most important unknown quantity in our lives which the World War clarified.

Then came a growing cynicism, an affectation of hardness and a pretended scorn of the niceties of romantic love-making. A good example of what I mean is found in a once extremely popular number from "Hit The Deck":

*"I get no kick from champagne;  
Mere alcohol does not thrill me at all  
. . . But I get a kick out of you!"*

The funny part of it all is, that the humor, the sophistication was no more exactly truthful than the sentimental slush of the Victorian Era. But they were a step in the right direction because they *did*

bring love out of the shut-up best parlor into the family living room.

One of the most difficult things in life is to find an honest person. The whole structure of civilization and of society as it has become more complicated, has unfortunately become less honest. Telling the absolute truth as you see it — and no one sees it all — is very often incompatible with keeping your job.

This is even true in some cases of an impersonal subject, as in the case of political opinions. And the habit of lying has become more and more identified with the habit of success — of smartness — of getting what you want out of life.

AND when one considers that a frank understanding of love, both spiritual and physical, was only admitted to the public forum a few short years ago, is it any wonder that all our other worldly habits affect our handling of it? Love, personal love that is to say, has been so long regarded as a cross between an indecency and a religious order, that we really don't yet know what the darned thing is.

For centuries we assumed that love thrived best on sweet lies. Then suddenly we tried to put it in a laboratory, under the micro-

scope, and all of a sudden the essence of which it was made, vanished. Analysis left a group of confused atoms, nothing more.

Even the Freudian discussions of love accomplished little except the popularization of personal hygiene. For here again the lovers had a grand chance to lie about themselves — their dreams, their suppressions, their complexes.

That fad, or step forward, whichever you choose to call it, is mercifully out of fashion now, and the reaction seems to be the natural and inevitable one of a return to sentiment. But this time it is a sentimentalism *with knowledge behind it*. And on that fact I base my belief that love and lovers have a better chance for happiness today than ever before.

Your modern lovers know, to a very great extent, exactly what they are letting themselves in for. A long love life together is not without its punishments for any two people; but it is certainly not without its rewards as well. But even with our modern alleged wisdom, I am not convinced that we should try to be over-frank.

"I love you," whether true or not, does help one over many a stony crossing!

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*Young men believe platonic friendship possible; old men know better — but when one man learns to profit by the experiences of another, we may look for mosquitoes at Christmas and holly in June. — MYRTLE REED*



# Are You Husband Hunting?

*Delay means heart hunger! Science reveals  
how, when and where to find that one man*

by PETER BOWDITCH

ONCE in a while a heart-hungry woman will sit down and write a letter so self-revealing that it seems almost wrong for other eyes to see it. Such was the anguished letter written by Miss H — to her former college roommate, who is now married. In it one can hear the frightened protest of a young woman who sees life slipping past her in a relentless procession of sterile, dreary days.

The one thing in the world I want is to have a home of my own. I don't want to spend my life teaching arithmetic and reading to fourth-graders. What shall I do?

I meet very few men, and most of them are not my equals. There have been several whom I wanted to attract, but they didn't seem interested in me.

This summer a very nice young fellow took me out a number of times. Somehow I could never unbend. I know now that I was always too reserved and stiff with him. It meant so much to me that I was afraid I would show it.

Finally he told me one day that he was engaged to another girl.

It almost killed me and I couldn't help showing it. From the way he acted, I am sure it meant something to him too. If I could only have been myself, could only have been more natural with him and interesting to him, from the start, I know I'd be his wife today. But he thought that I was indifferent — that I didn't like him.

Please, please give me some suggestions. I can't have this happen again.

Miss H — was perfectly right in her feeling that somehow she had gone counter to the rules, and that there must be a successful formula for husband-hunters. Marriage has been studied by scientists from every possible angle during the past generation.

The predicament of Miss H — is by no means unusual — so common, in fact, that the formula covering it ought to be well known by this time. If Miss H — or the hundred thousand young

women in her same situation could consult with the romance scientists, this is what they would be told:

### 1. Start early.

MUCH of the educated woman's difficulty in finding a satisfactory mate results from delay. *By the time she is ready to marry, the potential good husbands (there aren't too many of them at any time!) are already gone.*

Remember that half of all the women in the United States are married by the age of 22, and that the early twenties are the natural time for marriage. Don't let an education, a career, or anything else cause procrastination.

"The prettiest girls are always in the Freshman class," a senior at the University of Wisconsin remarked. They leave college without hesitation if a favorable marriage is offered. Hence by the time the group reaches its last year, many of the most marriageable have already withdrawn.

Parents in ultra-fashionable society do not, as a rule, send their daughters to college. They want them to marry, and they know that a college education is likely to be a handicap from this point of view.

### 2. Study yourself.

IMPROVE your personality. Why expect any man to be thrilled by a flat, colorless personality that

radiates discouragement, defeat, and a self-centered indifference to anyone else's affairs?

Many good popular books on this subject have been issued during recent years—get two or three of them and apply them in your daily life.

### 3. Study men.

DON'T think their interests are the same as those of women. Make yourself interesting to them.

*A study made recently at the University of Minnesota, through eavesdropping on hundreds of conversations in public places, showed that when men are together, they talk about things of particular interest to men; when women are together, they talk about things of particular interest to women; when men and women are together, they frequently talk about things of interest to neither one! They are just trying to "make conversation."*

Don't force any man to "make conversation" with you. Study the technique of Miss A—who had the reputation of being a brilliant conversationalist. When introduced to a man, she always started him to talking about himself, his own work, his own interests. She acted as if she thought those things were the most important and enthralling subjects that had ever been called to her attention—that her past life was a loss because she hadn't known about those things, and that she was now entering on a new phase of exist-

ence with the revealing to her of this new world of unimagined fascination and sublimity. Incidentally, she married early and very happily.

Of course, such a technique has to be handled artistically. But if you put your whole soul into it, you may be surprised at the result on your own life.

#### 4. Be a real woman.

**M**OST men are attracted by womanliness, and many women are unmarried because they can't or won't recognize this elemental fact.

Miss B— is still single, at 40, because she alleged that she was going to be a pal to men; "meet 'em on their own ground." It shouldn't have taken any brains to know that they didn't want to be met — by a female — on their own ground. *The mannish girl who slaps them on the back and tries to be the female equivalent of "a man about town" portrayed in the movies, is wasting her time in husband-hunting.*

On the other hand, Miss C— went to the opposite extreme. She was so anxious to be "typically feminine" that she became a mere parasite, an excessively clinging vine whom men avoided because they felt instinctively that she would be a liability in marriage — not a real partner but just a life-long baby to be nursed. She is now a forty-year-old Shirley Temple; and still single.

#### 5. Don't be afraid of sex.

**M**ANY girls have been so badly educated that they unconsciously fear all men as embodiments of something dangerous and sinful. Very likely Miss H— whose letter started this discussion, was really the victim of such unconscious fear. Perhaps she grew up in a home where she was continually obliged to realize, from her father's treatment of her mother, that men aren't all they ought to be. Perhaps her mother impressed upon her the same lesson, admonishing her that men are a bad lot, that a girl can expect nothing good from them, and that her only safety lies in keeping as far away from them as possible.

If so, it isn't surprising that she now finds it difficult to be natural.

Sex must not be feared any more than it must be held cheaply as a mere physical episode. The foundation for successful marriage is to regard sex as a way of living — one of the great values in life, to be sought eagerly at the proper time, after adequate preparation and in circumstances where such a way of living will be permanent and satisfying from every point of view.

#### 6. Train yourself for marriage.

**S**TUDY home economics, child care, and family relations. Other things being equal, any man is likely to marry a girl whom he



recognizes as being "a helpmeet for him," rather than a girl whom he recognizes as incompetent to manage even her own affairs, much less those of a family; as needing continually to be waited on and likely to bankrupt him in the process.

It is probably no coincidence that high school teachers of home economics were found, in a study of the alumnae of one teachers' college, to have a higher marriage rate than any other teachers.

### 7. Go where men are.

**D**ON'T sit around your room day-dreaming, and hoping that every ring of the door-bell downstairs announces some unknown Prince Charming coming to call on you. Don't imagine that every ride in the bus or street-car is likely to end in a Great Romance, as it does in the movies and wood-pulps.

Don't get your education for marriage from the wood-pulps and the movies. Face the fact that you are not likely to marry a man who doesn't know you and that if you want to know men and be known to them, you must get around.

If you are a librarian, nurse, or school teacher in a large city, you might do well to move to a small town or village where the social opportunities are better — though in any case these depend largely on one's own personality, imagina-

tion, and technique. It is, unfortunately, quite possible to put a girl into a co-educational college where there are a thousand boys, and have her go through it for four years without a "date". She's that kind of girl!

Even the ablest campaigner, however, has to meet men if she is going to marry one of them, and the educated woman should study the ground carefully from this point of view. Perhaps she is not even in the right part of the Union. Men are unevenly distributed. The following table reported by Dr. Paul Popenoe of Los Angeles, shows the number of marriageable men (i.e., now unmarried, and between ages 25 and 34) for each 100 marriageable women (i.e., now unmarried and between ages 20 and 29) among the native whites of the United States:

Nevada.....	158
Wyoming.....	142
Arizona.....	113
Montana.....	106
California.....	94
Washington.....	89
Idaho.....	87
Oregon.....	86
Michigan.....	86
New Mexico.....	83
South Dakota.....	83
Delaware.....	79
North Dakota.....	78
Wisconsin.....	77
Vermont.....	77
Colorado.....	75
Oklahoma.....	74
Texas.....	74
Maryland.....	73
District of Columbia.....	71
Illinois.....	69
Nebraska.....	68
Indiana.....	67

West Virginia.....	67	Tennessee.....	56
Iowa.....	67	Rhode Island.....	54
New York.....	66	North Carolina.....	52
New Jersey.....	65	South Carolina.....	52
Kansas.....	65	The young man seeking a mate should go to one of the states near the bottom of the list; the young woman should visit those near the top. Nevada itself is not likely to be very repaying in this connection, however; not only is its population small, but it has the highest percentage of divorcees of any state in the union, and stands at the bottom of the list (Oklahoma is at the top) in the proportion of its population that is married.	
Louisiana.....	65		
Missouri.....	65		
Ohio.....	65		
Maine.....	64		
Virginia.....	64		
Florida.....	63		
Kentucky.....	63		
Pennsylvania.....	62		
Arkansas.....	61		
New Hampshire.....	59		
Connecticut.....	59		
Massachusetts.....	56		
Utah.....	56		
Georgia.....	56		
Minnesota.....	56		
Alabama.....	56		
Mississippi.....	56		

### *Hollywood Stardust*

A GREAT many Hollywood people are working so hard trying to impress the outside world with their happiness that they lose sight of the real joy to be found quietly in their own homes. They work so hard at acting happiness that they have nothing left to offer their husbands and wives except an empty shell of emotion. — Paul Muni



I BELIEVE in fate. Here today and tomorrow, pouf, I am gone. And no matter what I do today will not affect tomorrow. So why do anything? I believe in astrologers, palmists, clairvoyants. I go to them many times. I believe in gypsies. — Simone Simon



SUCCESS makes a fellow suspicious, particularly an actor. If he doesn't want to marry an actress, who knows what all the shouting is about, he wonders if any other girl would really love him for himself or just because he is a celebrity. — Robert Taylor



BUSINESS training teaches one not to volunteer information. — Kay Francis



IT is simply remarkable what a little concentrated effort at the psychological moment can do for you. — Lionel Barrymore

## He Ran a Nickel Into Millions

*F. W. Woolworth was a rank failure who worked for three cents an hour until an idea got hold of him*

by DALE CARNEGIE

WHEN Barbara Hutton Mdivani became twenty-one years old, she gave a party. She had a Hungarian orchestra in her home, filling the night with soft, exotic music, and famous opera stars singing to her of love and romance. And she had a reason for giving a party. She was inheriting about twenty million dollars.

Where did that twenty million dollars come from? Part of it came out of your pocket.

Barbara Hutton Mdivani is a granddaughter of Frank Woolworth; and every time you spend a nickel in one of Woolworth's five and ten cent stores, a part of your nickel finds its way eventually into the exchequer of this beautiful young woman.

How did this girl's grandfather make the millions she is now enjoying? Well, he had one great advantage to start with. He was poor. He lived on a farm up near Watertown, New York, and he was so hard up that he had to go barefooted six months out of the year.

That poverty did big things for

him. It aroused his ambition and filled him with a flaming desire to get ahead. He hated the farm and determined to be a storekeeper; so when he was twenty-one years of age, he hitched the old mare to a sleigh, drove into Carthage, New York, and applied for a job in every store in town. But nobody would hire him. He was too green, too gawky and hay-seedy.

Finally, he found a railway station agent who was running a sort of a store on the side. This station agent kept a stock of groceries in a freight shed and Frank Woolworth worked for him for nothing — just in order to get experience.

LATER on, he got a job working for a drygoods store. Although he was twenty-one years of age, his employers didn't feel he had enough sense to wait on customers, so they made him come down early of a morning, start a fire, sweep out the store, wash windows and deliver packages. And he wasn't allowed to sell goods at all except during the rush hour at noon.



As for salary, his bosses didn't want to pay him anything at all for the first six months. So he told them he had saved fifty dollars during his last ten years on the farm and that that was all the money he had in the world — but he agreed to live on that for the first three months if they would agree to pay him fifty cents a day from then on. When he did get his fifty cents a day, he had to work fifteen hours a day for it — so it figured out to about three cents an hour.

Finally, he got a job in another store at ten dollars a week; and he slept in the basement with a revolver under his pillow to protect the store from thieves. This place proved to be a nightmare. His employer hounded him and scolded him and told him he was no good and cut his salary and threatened to fire him. Frank Woolworth was a whipped man. Realizing he could never make good, he went back to the farm, suffered a nervous breakdown, and for a year, he couldn't do a stroke of work.

Think of it! *This man who was destined to become the greatest retail merchant on earth, was so discouraged then that he abandoned all thought of trying to get ahead in business, and started raising chickens.*

Then, one day, to his great surprise, one of his former employers sent for him and offered him a job. It was a bitter cold day in March, sixty years ago. The

ground was covered with three feet of snow. Woolworth's father was taking some potatoes to market that day and so Frank crawled up on the sled and sat on a sack of potatoes and rode into Watertown, New York, to start a career that was to bring him wealth and power far beyond his most fantastic expectations.

**W**HAT was the secret of his success? Just this: *he got an idea — a unique idea. He borrowed three hundred dollars and started a store where nothing cost more than a nickel.* That first store was in Utica, New York, and it was a total failure. Some days he didn't take in more than \$2.50.

Refusing to go into debt, he expanded very slowly at first, opening only twelve stores during the first ten years.

Finally, he became one of the wealthiest men in America, built himself what was then the highest office building in the world; paid for it with fourteen million dollars in cash; installed a hundred thousand dollar pipe organ in his home, and began collecting relics of Napoleon.

Years before, when he was a poor young man and had met with defeat so often that he had lost all faith in himself, his mother would come and put her arms around her boy and say: "Don't be discouraged, my son; someday you'll be a rich man. . . ."

# Write Your Own Job Ticket

*Are you earning as much as your abilities warrant? Here is a plan for landing the job you want*

by MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

*Author: "Diary of a Prudent Investor"*

IN BROADWAY lingo, nowadays you are either a "smash hit" or a "flop", in proportion to your ability to sell yourself at the employment desk.

"Am I or my family earning as much as our intelligence and capabilities warrant?" you ask. "If we really took stock of ourselves, might we not find some hitherto unsuspected abilities which would increase our income in dollars and in inner satisfaction as well?"

Regardless of fluctuations in business activity, there is almost always a place for men and women who can help the chief executive of a concern to better attain his business objectives. But only you yourself can be expected to know your own potentialities.

It's up to you to *explore your previous experience* — what you have done — and use this as a basis for revealing precisely what you can do. Employers turn thumbs down on applicants who tell vaguely of their own field of usefulness.

One alert executive complained to me, "So many young people come into my office and say they

want a job. When I ask them what they want to do, they reply, 'Oh, anything.' They put *me* on the spot to discover activities for which they may be fitted, and they give me barely a clue. It doesn't help a bit for them to assure me that they're willing to work hard. If they cannot project themselves into a definite set of activities, how am I, a total stranger, to divine what they can accomplish?"

THE selling talk on the jacket of a new book is known to the trade as a "blurb." Every seeker after a better job must visualize himself as his own blurb writer, ready to prepare a jacket for his own life story which will stress his desirable qualities and *sell himself* as if he were a radio, a washing machine, or any other product with consumer value.

A. W. Rahn, personnel man of the Western Electric Company, has been outstandingly successful in helping job-hunting men and women to help themselves.

Mr. Rahn's first requirement is

that you draw up a prospectus of yourself: one covering education, previous business experience, hobbies, hopes and similar information. On the basis of such a summary, recorded in precise detail, the individual is in position to evaluate his own potentialities. This mental operation helps a clear-thinking job-hunter to visualize the services and abilities he has to offer that would make him valuable in specific fields of activity. Mr. Rahn calls this prospectus, this bird's-eye view of one's total self, a "Man Power Specification."

When the specification is completed to the best of the work-hunter's ability — it may take a couple of evenings or it may require a month — the next step is to have it typed neatly, so that it may be submitted to prospective employers. *The purpose is to pave the way for interviews.*

Rahn's technique consists of applying modern selling methods to the marketing of human services. The person with services to sell can afford to invest some money in self-promotion. By intelligent advertising, he insures against being lost in the shuffle. He may be a swell, potential money-making asset for the Hennessy Machine Shop, but he's got to prove that to Mr. Hennessy first.

An uncommonly intelligent woman employment counsellor in New

York uses the brochure approach in a fresh manner. She talks to you about yourself at length, makes a tabulation of your stature, literally a mental pamphlet of your abilities, experience, and leanings. She jots down notes to record these impressions. Her clients are employers in need of personnel. She knows of jobs that need filling — and she soon knows which men and women can fill these jobs, because she has catalogued the special abilities of promising job seekers.

MANY a routine job seeker suffers from an inferiority complex. This is illustrated by a young matron, who sincerely lamented: "I can't do anything; I have no earning power." Disagreeing with her, a personnel analyst, who was making a social call, said challengingly: "If you couldn't do anything, you wouldn't be in this home."

Reviewing his friend's personal history, he remarked: "You went to college. Are you not better equipped than a person who never had your educational advantages?"

"You lived in the South, then moved to New York. You proved yourself able to travel in a superior stratum of society. The same graces and attributes which made you a social success would make you a valuable asset as a hostess in a tea room."

Another example of hidden



economic resources was the case of a beautiful woman, raised in luxury, who had lost her fortune during the depression. Depreciating herself, she asked, "Do you know a rich man who might be looking for a doll?"

When an outsider probed her qualifications, he found that she had travelled extensively and spoke two foreign languages fluently. She possessed *savoir faire*. When her capabilities were systematically inventoried, she proved herself to be fitted to occupy an important post as social secretary to an ambassador.

Many a modest soul, who pictures himself a dud, is found to possess merchantable qualities. Sometimes, these do not come to the surface until he is fired from a menial job.

One discouraged man drew up his Man Power Specification according to Rahn's formula. He showed it to a neighbor for criticism. After reading it, his neighbor offered him a partnership in his own business.

Sometimes seemingly trivial details concerning by-product activities make an individual attractive to the job giver. An American student, returning from a vacation abroad, tried making out a prospectus for himself. He filled his specification with routine facts, and, after turning it in for criticism, began gossiping. He mentioned the fact that during

vacations, he had taken care of pedigreed cattle on a family farm. Against his better judgment, he added this material to his prospectus, which finally came to the attention of the president of a packing company. This proved the arresting material, and resulted in his employment as European representative of the company.

Blurbs for job seekers are useful to the extent they are a faithful recording of actual experience. Exaggerations and misstatements defeat the purpose. Unless he can deliver what he promises, the job seeker has introduced an element of fraud into the transaction. If hired through trickery, he can soon expect to find in his envelope a pink slip reading, "Your services are no longer required."

IT WOULD be well to have Mr. Rahn at your elbow as you prepare the specification. But he's a busy man, and can't be everywhere. He has done the next best thing, however, and has put into a little handbook precisely what he would tell you in person. Rahn's book, "Your Work Abilities: How to Express and Apply Them Through Man Power Specification," (Harper & Brothers, New York) tells how men and women have raised themselves several rungs higher on the economic ladder through this ultra-modern

version of the great American pastime, seeking a job.

Drawing up a Man Power Specification can be as fascinating as a rubber of bridge, but the stakes are infinitely larger; in fact, you are playing for the economic future of yourself and your family. It's an exciting game, this self-analysis. The players have the world to win and nothing to lose.

First you set down the purely routine autobiographical details: name, address, telephone, date and place of birth, nationality of parents, your height, weight and state of health, what dependents you have, and similar information that helps the employer to delineate your character — and to discover what life has done to you. You also attach a photograph of yourself further to help the reader visualize you.

**T**HEN in laconic form should follow a series of paragraphs describing:

1. *Your schooling* (names, dates, degrees; subjects in which you excelled; outside reading; all special study interests).

2. *Extra-curricular activities* (sports, dramatics, school paper, outside jobs that helped defray expenses, etc.).

3. *Societies and fraternities* (did you hold office? If so, it is likely to be a symptom of executive ability and certainly an index of your capacity to make friends).

4. *Hobbies and leisure activities.*

5. *Travel.*

6. *Miscellaneous achievements*, such as military service, literary material published, etc.

7. *Summarized acquisitions* (This paragraph in the Man Power Specification calls for tight thinking and careful analysis. It should serve as a connecting link between the previous information concerning life's preparation and the next section; namely, what you can do. It should reveal the connection between schooling and the power you actually have and are now offering for sale).

Here is a sample submitted by a young woman: "Most of my education and my working experience has been a series of contacts with people and ideas, rather than confinement to specialized, routine jobs. I am able to deal with and in people, and have developed a capacity to relate specific business activities to broad social and economic trends. I have an understanding of attitudes, and of public opinion. I have had a chance to observe business at home and abroad, and have a knack for detecting defects in the broad policies of an enterprise."

8. *Business experience* (This should consist of a series of paragraphs which reveal the functions performed in each position occupied, the name of the employing companies and the length of service. Be brief; be precise).

An excerpt from an actual Man Power Specification will illustrate this:

"March 12, 1931, I entered the employ of Henschman, Waterson and Co., makers of steel products. My work consisted at first of taking dictation and transcribing letters from records. When a vacancy occurred in the office of the chief disbursing officer, I was transferred there. I handled all payroll accounts and paid all advertising expenses of the company in the New York area. I thus grasped bookkeeping methods. I worked out a new system for payroll disbursement which saved the company \$6,000 a year."

9. *Business references* (including name of officer, position, company and address).

10. *Personal and social character references.*

The mere process of thus dissecting your personality will bring to mind significant facts in your personal history which you had all but forgotten. As you thus mobilize stray facts to prove yourself worth while, you are likely to be astonished to find what a many-sided individual you are.

But this is only half the task. *Your Man Power Specification won't be complete until you also set down what you can do.* This is probably the most significant section, because it reveals to the business man who reads your brochure, what you can contribute to his

organization — how you can help him increase his profits.

This practical summary enables the prospect to study your diverse talents in relation to a definite job.

Mr. Rahn's experience with the life histories of a large number of individuals has indicated that *most competent persons have specific abilities which apply to five different fields of activity.* Such versatility widens the market for the services of the gifted individual.

AT this step in the self-analysis, the prospectus maker should head a sheet of paper, "Varieties of Work in Which I Would Be of Most Service."

This sales promotion sheet of what you can do need not be limited exclusively to what you already have done, but can constructively apply your past training and experience to allied fields. This is the juncture where imaginative thinking will be helpful.

This final summing-up should be presented at the forefront of your selling blurb. Thus it will take the prospective employer only a few seconds to determine whether he is interested.

Now to put the brochure to work! Mr. Rahn's experience has demonstrated that the best way to do this is to draw up a list of firms and individuals, in the different fields of activity charted, with whom the work seeker would



like to get employment. To these he sends copies of his prospectus, including a courteous letter requesting an interview.

And the keynote of the letter is unselfishness. Instead of demanding a favor, the job seeker merely asks: "Will you take a few minutes to read this first page (the section headed 'Types of Work in which I would be of most service') and tell me if I can be of help to you and your organization now or later?" The job seeker's aim should be to soft-pedal selfish motives.

In this spirit, Frank A. Vanderlip, former president of the National City Bank of New York, told me many years ago: "It is wise in entering employment to think of rendering a service, rather than to worry how much you are to be paid. I have always found that those who render useful services are, in the long run, well received and liberally remunerated."

The test of the pudding is al-

ways in the eating. Mr. Rahn's technique promotes efficiency in job hunting. He recently told me: "On the average, there should be a 65 per cent. response to letters sent out with properly prepared Man Power Specifications. If a smaller percentage results, something needs to be changed. Then it's up to the job seeker to give his brochure an overhauling."

The conscientious use of this method is a double-edged tool. It not only enables the job seeker to make a contact, but it also helps the executive to organize his affairs with fuller knowledge of the personal capacity of his co-workers. His automatic tools, produced to precise specifications, can henceforth be matched by human material competently classified and well adapted to work for which they are fitted.

To the job hunter the moral of this new approach is: *Don't wander aimlessly about waiting for some one to discover you. Undertake to find yourself.*

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### *If You Want That Job*

When you are hunting for that job Earl Paul, employment director of the Standard Oil Company, urges that you don't:

Appear afraid or without poise.

Speak loudly or rapidly or smoke fast, betraying nervousness.

Tell all your troubles.

Talk in generalities.

Weary the interviewer with too many details.

Ask foolish questions.

Repeat: "I will work very hard."

Tell the employer he will profit by hiring you.

Try to dominate, or act like a "yes man."

## Making Your Hands Behave

*If you would be well-poised, learn how to  
make your hands express your personality*

by MARGERY WILSON

“WHAT shall I do with my hands?”

One dramatic teacher said to a timid stage aspirant who asked him this question, “Oh, just leave them at the end of your arms!” Which, I am sure you will agree, was more a wisecrack than an answer.

It is true that when we are mentally and physically comfortable, the hands seem to take their proper positions naturally, with no conscious thought necessary. But, since few of us have the wonderful blessings of inner peace and outer grace, it behooves us to have ways of defending ourselves from the awkwardness of our own confusions. So, let's take a moment to discover what positions and movements indicate poise, grace and well-being. We shall then simply reproduce in our own habits those attitudes that we assume when we are utterly happy, comfortable and adjusted.

Haven't you noticed that two people can make absolutely similar gestures and yet each of them

will create a different impression? This difference occurs because fifty per cent. or more of the effect of any given movement *is dependent upon the motive back of it.* Therefore, a study of the hands that is to be deeper than the skin must consider the emotions of the individual, his state of health, his intent in life and his character.

A famous actor once said in my hearing, “I can read any person's character in the way he doubles up his fist.”

He turned to me. “Double up your fist,” he said.

I, eager as everyone is to be told something about myself, started to close my fist with the thumb across the fingers on the outside. I suddenly saw that my thumb nail was soiled and quickly folded it inside my doubled fingers.

“You are a weak character,” he said. “A strong person always closes the fist with the thumb outside.”

“But,” I countered, “that is the way I always do it. I put it on the inside this time because my thumb

nail was soiled and everyone's eyes were on my hand."

"If you were a strong character," he snapped, "you wouldn't care what people thought. You couldn't put your thumb inside."

At the time I felt that his judgment was unfair, but I have since come to realize that *the tendency to hide anything damages the effect of the whole personality*. The very act of hiding is *repressive*, while importance, vitality, strength, charm and all the virtues are *expressive*. So never try to hide your hands by putting them back of you, or by grasping one hand over the other as though determined to show

only one of the dreadful appendages. Hands in pockets are a liability.

Any type of tension is repressive—it holds back the flow of easy expression and movement. Therefore, the very first attribute of well-being is *relaxation*. Beauty and interest can exist only where there is a channel for freedom of movement. Relaxed hands make us aware of the latent strength in them. They pique our imaginations with an admiration of the poise back of relaxation.

Also, our hands should be relaxed in order to obey our wills—

to be alert in movement. A tense hand cannot be alert. It takes more strength to move a tense hand, for the muscles are working against each other. The person who understands relaxation uses but a fraction of the strength consumed by a tense person to accomplish a movement.

The relaxed hand retains a suppleness that defies the stiffness of creeping years. And usually the person who has disciplined his hands into relaxation has also disciplined his mind. The person with relaxed hands usually has an open mind, few or no prejudices, is not on the defensive

and meets people better than the person whose hands are tense.

Since the modern idea of a nice hand hasn't even a slight resemblance to the soft, pudgy, helpless looking hand of a generation ago, since size and shape have little to do with the dramatic interest a hand can have, one should never worry about an oversized or an oddly-shaped hand. If they are well-groomed, supple and expressive, they will add greatly to your personality.

If you have unusual hands, be grateful for them and don't go

### Hints About Hands

Don't hide them.  
Keep them separated.  
Give a firm handshake.  
Don't move them restlessly.  
Limp hands are negative.  
Practise gestures before a mirror.  
Study movie stars' hand motions.



about feeling that you carry some special curse. Many fascinating women and men have ugly hands — that is, ugly by the standards of ordinary judgment — but by the usage their clever owners give them they become interesting assets, distinguishing marks.

**I**F YOU would look young and eager for life, *keep your hands separated. Never get into the clasped-hand habit.* Usually the woman who sits with complacently folded hands is a born wall flower, doesn't mix well with people and can talk on only two or three subjects. Clasped hands indicate a deep preoccupation with the self. One clasps the hands at moments of intense self-interest, such as in grief, in great joy and in prayer.

An animated mind just doesn't go with clasped hands! They look like closed doors, and usually they are just that. Life and people just pass by the woman who sits with clasped hands as though she had finished with activity and was just sitting about, waiting, waiting — perhaps for the end. Even if you are tired and there's nothing you can do to take part in the matter before you, don't make the mistake of advertising your negative state.

It is impossible to overestimate the weight of suggestion carried by our bodily attitudes, especially those of the hands. Quiet hands are more dramatic than swiftly

moving ones — but there is a negative quiet and an alert quiet. One should be very careful never to be seen in a merely limp state. Repose which is but a pause between actions is meaningful and interesting. There must be the promise of action in our repose. This attitude is best suggested by keeping the hands in positions from which they could easily go into smooth action, that is to say, *separated*. But do heed the word of warning about limp hands. And see that you give a firm handshake.

*Men and women who are at all uncertain about their hands should sit before a mirror and DECIDE upon movements and postures for them.* Uncertainty tears at poise devastatingly. Not that we will eternally sit in posed positions, but that we shall have a pre-knowledge of what we shall look like, thus calming our fears. Any gesture that is consciously done for a few weeks will become automatic afterward. Habits are but repetitions built into the muscular reflexes.

**I**N PRACTISING movements, we should bear in mind that affectation and flourishes and crooked little fingers are ridiculous. We should strive for ease of movement, avoiding straight thrusts. There should be just enough curve in any single gesture to avoid a stiff appearance.

A relaxed wrist and smooth,

gentle movements add to one's appearance of graciousness, a much needed attribute in both men and women. Study the positions of the hands in famous paintings. Also, watch the hands of the more finished motion picture stars. You will see how hands can aid expression, yet seldom take the eye from the face.

Suppose your hands are lying in your lap while someone is talking to you. You would like to indicate your interest in what is being said without interrupting the speaker. Very simple. *Just lean slightly toward the speaker and let your hands move an inch or more outward toward the knees.*

By this simple gesture you have made yourself one with the group — sympathetic to the ideas being expressed. Likewise, disapproval and revulsion are expressed by withdrawing your hands slightly toward the body. These movements are not artificial gestures. They are exactly what you do when you are free from constraint and are expressing yourself normally and spontaneously.

If you move your hands when a responsive chord has been struck in your mind, the speaker will soon be addressing his remarks to you — and you will not have opened your mouth! Avoid impatient gestures. Many well-meaning people betray their lack of interest in anything but their own affairs by the restlessness of their

hands when anything else is being discussed.

THE MAN or woman with any sensibility of personal pride or elegance will keep his hands to himself. Never will he nudge anyone to bring out the point in a story. He never slaps anyone else on the back.

George Ade tells on himself the story of being very lonely in London and longing to see a familiar face. Suddenly he saw a man he knew — or thought he did. He rushed toward his friend (?) and gave him a resounding whack on the back. The blow knocked the man's glasses and hat off, his bundles fell to the street and his walking stick clattered to the sidewalk. Mr. Ade, at closer view, saw that the man was a stranger.

While Mr. Ade helped the Englishman pick up his belongings, he kept repeating, "I'm so sorry. I thought you were a friend of mine."

The stranger, still trying to put himself together, was very polite.

"Oh, that's quite all right," he said, "quite all right. But — er — tell me, does your friend care for this sort of thing?"

We should keep our hands to ourselves, and also off our own heads and faces.

If we could keep our hands well groomed, relaxed, supple, expressive, we should find self-confidence growing and a deep peace sinking into our souls.

# "Whad'da Ya Mean, Botticelli?"

*Lilyan Tashman began to be somebody the moment an admirer reproved her East Side accent on art*

*by* MURIEL BABCOCK

"YOU look as lovely as a Botticelli angel," murmured the man in evening clothes as he slipped a luxurious fur wrap over the shoulders of his companion for the evening.

"Whad'da ya mean, Botticelli? — what's that?" came the reply in unmistakable East Side New York accent.

"I saw," said Lilyan Tashman, for it was she to whom the compliment was addressed, "I saw a look of faint disgust flick into the man's eyes and then he recovered and said, 'If you really want to know, my dear, you should go to the public library and look up Botticelli and his works. If you don't, just take it as very high praise of your beauty.'"

"The man was no ordinary stage door Johnny, no playboy out for a good time. He was a man of discrimination, taste and breeding. I had admired him and been pleased that he had paid attention to me, a Follies girl, when I knew he could have had the companionship of other far more cultured and interesting women of beauty."

"I went to the public library the next day, as I learned later he

hoped I would. Otherwise he would have explained Botticelli to me himself.

"Then and there I began a system of self-education which has brought me great personal riches. I soon lost sight of my sophisticated admirer, but I have never forgotten him."

The above conversation with Miss Tashman took place in her Beverly Hills, California, home, about six months before she died, at the age of thirty-five.

WHAT would have happened to her and to what personal peaks of achievement she would have climbed had she lived, I do not know. I do know that by sheer hard, digging work, this product of New York's East Side, who had scanty education, few of the world's advantages mentally, physically, culturally, had pulled herself up to a position envied by many women.

She was a movie star, you say. No, Tashman was never a good enough actress nor a fine enough subject photographically to reach the star classification. She was limited in certain respects — as



aren't we all? She was a featured player, but she made herself more famous than most featured players.

She wore the title of "best dressed woman of Hollywood." She worked for that. She had no knack nor taste originally about clothes. But she decided that clothes were important to any woman who wanted to succeed. She read *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, the French fashion magazines, studied shop windows, consulted, as soon as she had money, the great couturiers here and abroad.

In the early days when she had no money, she haunted the lobbies of fashionable hotels and stared at the women who passed through en route to tea in the Plaza, St. Regis, Waldorf, Ritz. She memorized details of their costumes and copied them, as best she could. She worked so hard trying to be well-dressed that eventually she attracted public notice and was decorated with the "best-dressed" badge.

While she was reading magazines on clothes, she was also poring through the new books and smart magazines. She didn't try to assimilate the classics — she didn't have time — she tried instead to be up-to-date, informed on the very latest happenings. Her education was thus superficial, but she always managed to be bright

and modern and her small talk crackled interestingly.

HER parties at the beautifully decorated home in which she and her husband, Edmund Lowe, lived in Beverly Hills, ranked in the top brackets of "good parties," particularly her annual Easter morning breakfast. Not at first, for she didn't know how to pick guests as discriminatingly as she later learned to do. But eventually her *soirées* became known as the last word in smartness and fun. You could meet and did meet the most interesting group of people in town — the newest playwright, the newest author, the newest star, a great musician, director, astronomer, prize fighter, tennis champion, any of the people who were doing things.

Tashman had terrific, driving ambition. She wanted to be *somebody*, as don't we all? She, however, as I observed her for ten years, was one of the few who ever applied meticulous, cold-blooded, calculated business tactics to developing her mind, her personality, her surroundings and her personal relationships.

And, interestingly, it all started when her curiosity was piqued and her vanity hurt when she didn't understand her admirer's compliment.

# Why Men Like Us

WHEN Mr. Average Man is introduced to a strange woman, he unconsciously begins to seek the answer to that oldest of questions, "to flee or not to flee." The wallflower and the belle may be sisters under the skin, but men tend to judge them by what shows on the outside. Just what these standards of judgment are — and what a girl can do about it — is helpfully revealed in "Why Men Like Us," by

Louise Paine Benjamin (Stackpole Sons, New York; 213 pp., \$1.50).

The book is subtitled "Your Passport to Charm" and is dedicated to the proposition that woman's charm is directed primarily at men.

Mrs. Benjamin has gone right to headquarters (which is to say, to men themselves) to learn why men like women. She discovered that a girl need not be pretty to attract men if she has style, good posture, grace and poise, and if she is aware of a few easily avoided masculine pet peeves.

The favorite female plague which sets men stampeding in a

cloud of dust is the possessive woman. Men unanimously resent being pursued by telephone, especially during business hours. A pretty face does not make up for bad temper and bossiness. Men dread the chronic kicker type and regard the girl who drinks to excess as Public Spectacle No. 1 — interesting to look at, possibly, but embarrassing to escort.

Other indictments against

Woman drawn by Mrs. Benjamin's male prosecutors include these: Women set too high a standard for men, expect too much of them. Women evade responsibility. They don't keep their word if a trivial reason for break-

ing it arises. You can often judge a woman by the consideration she shows to those who serve her.

Husbands, Mrs. Benjamin reports, appreciate good sportsmanship, loyalty, stamina, graciousness, humor, and capacity for love in a wife. Men like the sensible use of perfume and cosmetics and are "pushovers" for a pleasant voice.  
— *Reviewed by Adelaide Simons.*

## Men Wish You Wouldn't:

*P*AIN your finger nails deep red.

Always keep them waiting.

Apply makeup indiscriminately.

Be careless with speech or liquor.

Use ridicule as a weapon.

Giggle or talk baby talk.

Boast of your popularity with other men.

Make yourself conspicuous.

— "Why Men Like Us"

# Little Things Make Manners

*Pay attention to the little things of life if you  
would have the big things take care of themselves*

by SUE MOODY

PRETTY Mrs. Smith was suffering from a holiday hangover — non-alcoholic.

She had given a huge Christmas party for everyone she knew, had the biggest tree in town, seen that the folk on the wrong side of the tracks got their Yuletide boxes, and now she had a hollow feeling because the mail brought Christmas cards from half a dozen friends she had somehow overlooked when she posted her own greetings.

"I'm just sick about it," she wailed. She needn't have been, of course, but she concentrates so hard on big affairs that the little things of life throw her off balance. And it's the little things that raise living to a fine art.

Christmas cards must certainly be numbered among the little things. A connoisseur of living would simply sit down and without the faintest show of apology, send off little notes expressing delight at being remembered.

Everyone is conscious of the big things, perhaps because they usually carry big price tags. But the only cost-mark on the little things

of life is thoughtfulness. They're the bedrock of good manners.

It isn't lavish entertainment or calculating flattery which wins affection and respect. The large gesture can be coldly conceived and executed; the small friendliness, by its unpretentiousness, is spontaneous and instantly disarming.

I have jotted down a few little ways in which little things add up to big personalities. They aren't intended as copybook maxims — mercy, no! But if you feel like trying some of them, see if they don't stir up a fine inner glow of satisfaction.

## *Little Hints for Host and Hostess:*

DON'T be an apologetic host or hostess, deprecating your lack of servants, the scorched spinach, or a crack in the china. Nothing makes a guest more uneasy.

Plan dinner parties for eight or eight-thirty, for the convenience of hard-working friends who just can't manage an earlier hour.

Don't rush to hurl open a window the minute a room gets smoke-



fogged. Solve the ventilation problem unobtrusively.

If a guest needs an ashtray, don't upset the furniture in your rush to get him one. Take your time and don't talk about what you're doing. Every half hour is plenty often enough to offer a guest a cigarette — it's ostentatious to make the offer every two or three minutes and it wrecks your poise.

Plan quiet dinner parties or luncheons for the young wife about to be a mother. She wants to be remembered rather than forgotten by her friends. Give her a shower and make it diverting and humorous. You might try an Italian fête, the house decorated like streets of Rome, real clotheslines stretched full of colorful children's washes.

If a friend of yours has broken her engagement, gather her graciously into the fold again. Give a small bridge or dinner party and act as if all were still well with the world.

Don't force drinks on polite but reluctant guests.

Give a Christmas tea, buffet supper, or dance for your friends instead of distributing your allowance thinly in trivial gifts.

### *Little Things that Keep Homes Happy:*

**K**EEP a card index of your husband's favorite dishes. Serve them at least twice a week, and always as a "welcome home" from trips.

A telephone call from the office will cheer your wife immensely on days when she is blue.

Defer to your wife in little things, like tuning down the radio (and maybe you'll find it easier to "get away with" big things!)

Never be afraid to make amends for an oversight.

Wives, unless scrupulously opposed to drink, should discover some mild appetizer such as sherry which they can enjoy while the man of the family sips a highball before dinner.

Tell your wife she's the most marvelous, sweetest, most resourceful hostess you know — she'll smile when you come home with an unexpected dinner guest.

Go shopping with the girl after you marry her, once in a while, when it's holiday time or an anniversary rolls around, and approve vociferously of the pretty things she purchases.

Treat your children as courteously as grown-ups.

### *Little Tips on Tactful Talking:*

**D**ON'T ride rough-shod over the other chap's opinions. It's remotely possible that they may be as well-thought-out as yours.

"I" is the pre-eminent conversational topic of the world — encourage the other fellow to talk about himself.

Never pass up a chance to turn a deft compliment: "How stun-

ning you are in that new dress!" The more people who overhear, the better; intercepted compliments do double duty.

Don't begin a conversation with a new acquaintance with "safe" topics. They're unstimulating. Take your cue from his interests and he'll regard your talk as scintillating.

Keep away from unpleasant subjects, as a rule. But if some soul had an operation just like yours, it may be fun comparing notes if no one else is around to be bored by it.

Save the situation! If someone "pulls a boner," tell about the time you tipped over a wine glass instead of a water tumbler.

If you've heard something nice about Jerry, tell him all about it, promptly. Don't hoard a compliment as a "trade last."

### *Little Hints for Guests and Givers:*

AT CHRISTMAS, boxes of home-made candy are a fine idea for the milkman, postman, and others whose services you'd like to remember gracefully.

Keep a list of your shut-in or invalid friends and remember them at least twice a year — at other times than Christmas — with letters or gifts.

When dining out, a remark to your hostess such as, "What wonderful soup! How did you ever make it?" may win you a return engagement. It will establish you as a person of discrimination.

If your flower garden flourishes or you have an oversupply of potted plants, distribute floral offerings among appreciative friends who are always being nice to you.

Silk stockings make one of the most useful gifts known to woman. They are always in season.

If you're a guest in a rural house over the holidays or for a skiing week-end, don't notice the lack of modern equipment of such homes. Down on the farm you must eat your meals with gusto to please your hosts.

Remember the hostess who entertains you informally with a bouquet of flowers which you bring with you "in person."

When the hostess must be in and out of the room frequently, don't jump up and down at the table like a jack-in-the-box. Rise once or twice, then remain seated.

### *Little Things That Make the Man and the Lady:*

IF THE son or daughter of someone you know achieves some great or small success, drop the parents a note of congratulation.

Tune yourself to your times and your circle of friends. If their tastes are simple, limit your extravagances until they can think of you as one of them.

Adapt yourself to the tastes and whims of friends whenever possible. If someone suggests a bus instead of a taxi, don't say, "What! Ride on top of a bus!" Climb up

and see how beautiful the avenue is from that vantage point.

Take a few minutes to show genuine interest in younger people's problems. Don't just give them perfunctory attention and then freeze them out. You were young yourself once.

Take time to write to old people, lonely people, ill people, and people having troubles.

Wives and husbands are entitled to as much consideration and courtesy as strange traveling companions.

Every individual has several possible points of contact with humanity. You only need to discover one of them to make a friend.

### Please Don't:

**L**EAVE moist cocktail glasses on the other fellow's best furniture; rings on the varnish are as bad taste as initials carved on piano legs.

**S**PEND too much time with popular guests when you are host and hostess.

**T**ALK to other men about a girl you're dating. She may hear about it, and then — fireworks!

**E**XPECT a girl to give you all her week-ends during busy party months, even though you think maybe she'll marry you.

**A**SK a man, as a special favor to

you, to escort some girl he has never met to a dinner dance.

**F**LATTER a young man into believing you may become his fiancée, only to let him down the instant Prince More Charming heaves over your horizon.

**C**RITICIZE others so freely that everyone around you feels uncomfortable.

### But Please Do:

**G**IVE a friend the benefit of the doubt.

**S**PEAK names clearly in making introductions so that the persons being introduced understand them.

**A**VOID rainbow tints and too-flashy monograms in your writing paper.

**C**RAM your parties full of surprises, just as you spice your conversation with delightful anecdotes.

**S**AVE up your choice items of experience — people met, opportunities offered, conquests achieved — to cheer your husband or wife on dull evenings when the spouse feels low.

**B**E a spendthrift in acts of kindness toward your neighbors and their children.

**S**ERVE corn on the cob, or watermelon, or other awkward delicacies whenever they are in season and when the affair is not extremely formal.



# *Tricks to Entertain Your Friends*

*When the party pace slackens, you can bring your guests to life by springing these strong-man stunts*

MAKE a bet that the strongest man in the party cannot pull your index finger upward from your nose. Lay your finger flatly along the top of your nose, pressing firmly, and tilt your head back slightly. Both you and your partner are standing. He must grasp your wrist from the side, his own arm almost straight out, and cannot obtain enough leverage to budge your finger.

The same lever principle is used in this one: Grasp a broomstick with your hands close together and thrust it straight forward. Invite anyone to push you backward by pushing the broomstick. By pressing the stick slightly upward, you can divert his thrust into thin air.

Invite two men to extend a clenched fist in front of them. One fist is placed on top of the other and the men hold them together as powerfully as they can. With a sudden sharp flick of your index fingers, moving in opposite directions (one striking the lower fist and the other the top one) you can easily snap the fists apart.

Make your guests lift their arms without touching them. Have the subject stand in a narrow doorway, arms hanging straight, the back of both hands pressed flatly against the sides of the doorway. Request him to push against the frame with all his strength for a minute or two. When he steps out his arms will tend to rise in a reflex motion.

Ask the smallest person in the party to lie on the floor. Defy anyone to lift him by the waist. The lifter places both hands on the subject's waist. The little fellow puts his left hand on the strong man's neck, and with his right hand grasps the lifter's left wrist. By pressing outward with the left hand and downward with the right, the strong man is rendered helpless.

Hold your hands on your chest and interlace your fingers, elbows parallel with the floor. Invite two guests to break your grip by pulling your arms. Lower your elbows slightly so they are forced to pull downward.

# The Answer Page

## Brainteaser Answers {Page 11}

1. An almshouse. 2. Two violins, one viola, and one cello. 3. Sextant, an instrument for measuring altitude of the sun; sextette, group of six; sexton, church caretaker. 4. Mother Goose was born in Boston. She composed nursery rhymes for her grandson and Thomas Fleet printed them in a first edition in 1719 under the title "Mother Goose Rhymes." 5. Idiom is a form of phrase or expression peculiar to the accepted language of a nation; dialect is a local variation in pronunciation or expression departing from the accepted language. 6. She was never married, therefore had no wedding dress. 7. Yes. It will have five Sundays in 1948. 8. Two, red and blue; white is not actually a color. 9. A firefly is a lightning bug; a firebug, one who sets fires.

10. An ingenious person has inventive skill, is clever; an ingenuous person is frank, open, or innocent. 11. X — L — C — D — M. 12. Vendee, one to whom something is sold; vendor, a seller; vendue, an auction sale. 13. Crimean War. 14. 1. Either can sign checks without the other. 2. Each check must be signed by both. 15. Sleep-walker. 16. Omar Khayyam. 17. Don Quixote. 18. One who has stayed in Alaska from the fall freeze to the spring thaw. 19. Ocean zones where calms or baffling winds prevail.

20. Lama, priest or monk; llama, South American ruminant allied to the camel. 21. White as a sheet; good as gold; sly as a fox; pretty as a picture; stiff as a poker. 22. Chiefly in Canada and Great Britain to indicate limited liability for stockholders. 23. Born in Kentucky; moved to Indiana at 7; moved to Illinois at 21. 24. Mark

## Crossword Solution {Page 97}

G	O	L	D	S	M	I	T	H		P	A	R	I	S	
R		T	O	W	E	R		O	B	E	Y	S		O	
A	M		N	I	N	E		L	U	R	E		M	N	
Y	O	N		F				P	L	O	T		B	E	N
		L	O	S	T			P	L	A	Y		R	U	S
S	I	L	A	S			R	A	N		F	I	R	S	T
W	E	A	N			L	E	N	D			R	A	M	A
E	R	N			R	E	S	T			I		A	G	E
D	E		R	I	D	E		E	D	D	A		E	D	
E		L	U	C	A	N		R	O	A	R	S		E	
N	I	O	B	E				T	A	R	R	Y	T	O	W

Twain. 25. The Latin word "libra," a pound. 26. 1. Politics; 2. Confederate Army; 3. Tennis; 4. Steel industry; 5. Baseball. 27. Astrology, the forecasting of the future from the stars; astronomy, study of heavenly bodies. 28. The Carthaginians. 29. The earth.

30. Welland Canal connects Lakes Ontario and Erie; Soo Canal connects Lakes Superior and Huron. 31. Woodrow Wilson. 32. A real bird, now extinct. 33. "Sapient" means wise, sagacious. 34. A scheme by which northerners aided Negro slaves to escape into Canada. 35. Vixen. 36. Yes, on the U. S. Capitol and the tomb of Francis Scott Key. 37. Capt. Roald Amundsen in 1911. 38. Sterling silver contains 92.5% silver, 7.5% copper; solid silver is 100% silver. 39. Washington Irving.

40. Heptagon. 41. Humming-bird. 42. 640. 43. Twenty-one guns. 44. An Australian mammal. 45. Apiary, a place where bees are kept; aviary, enclosure for live birds. 46. Signifies piece is to be played in bright, brisk manner. 47. A & P means Atlantic and Pacific; A P, Associated Press. 48. Wheelbarrow. 49. Sneezing. 50. Occident.

# Children

## Things I Wish Father Wouldn't Do

*What does your child think about you? Youngsters  
size up their fathers' faults in YOUR LIFE'S poll*

I WISH that Daddy would not talk so loud" . . . girl, 9.

"I wish he wouldn't go to play golf every week end" . . . boy, 10.

"I wish daddy would not worry and not be cross. I love him" . . . girl, 10.

"I wish my daddy would not talk about the time he was in India and let me study" . . . girl, 10.

"I wish he would not go out every Saturday and he would take me to a football game" . . . boy, 10.

"I like everything my daddy does and anyhow he calls me his Big Guy" . . . boy, 6. (*This child is more fortunate than the girl who wrote in secret: "Popsy always says I am dumb."*)

These are only a few of the things children wish their fathers wouldn't do. Daddies cheat. They talk too loud, scold too much, talk too much, in many other ways fail to measure up, and above all they deprive their children of desired companionship.

These conclusions come from the children themselves — 217 of them, boys and girls from six to

twelve years of age in "good American homes." The answers were secured in casual written or spoken questionnaires presented by YOUR LIFE through teachers, social service workers, parents, staff researchers, and others.

Any thoughtful father can read much between the lines of the wishes above and probably many fathers would like a few minutes in private with the "Popsy" who always says his child is dumb. Incidentally, he sends her to bed without supper, too. She is known to be a lovable child.

But there she is, one of the 217, revealing a father who may someday wonder why she has an inferiority complex, why she is moody and doesn't get along well with other people. He probably doesn't know what he is doing to her. How little some fathers realize what is in the minds of these little people whose world is so closely — though not closely enough — linked to them.

There is, for instance, the little



girl who, in the secrecy of a school-room questionnaire which she marked "Do not open — only teacher," wrote: "Daddy. I wish you would not worry and not be cross. I love you."

This child and the boy who wished his father wouldn't talk about taxes and many others are being burdened with grown-up troubles too heavy for their years. Obviously parents should be scrupulously careful not to worry little people with financial cares or other serious family problems, all of which undermine a child's feeling of security.

INSTEAD of puzzling about taxes and the rent, children should be going to football games, the circus, the zoo and other places with father. *Nearly half of the boys and one-third of the girls expressed the wish that daddy had more time to go places with them.*

Representative written or spoken wishes in this connection:

"I wish dad would take me to some football games. . . . I wish my daddy wouldn't go away so

much without me . . . wish father would take me downtown just once . . . daddy never takes me anywhere . . . daddy promised to take me fishing, but he forgot . . . Jimmy's father takes him lots of places, but my daddy hasn't the time. Wish he did. . . ."

### What's the Matter with Dad?

Popsy always says I am dumb.

Popsy sends me to bed without any supper.

Popsy won't let me stay up late.

Popsy won't buy me magazines.

... girl of 10

### He's All Right!

I like everything my daddy does, and anyhow he calls me his Big Guy.

... boy of 6

Little people yearn for father's companionship. They envy "the kids" whose fathers do have time to be pals. Father may well ponder whether that "contact" or that "prospective customer" and an extra nine holes of golf may have been played at the cost of not having junior open up with an intimate problem, or failure to learn from the

tiny woman that she is perplexed about a matter of sex. He may well have lost a golden opportunity to be the kind of father he resolved to be a few years ago when he was pacing the floor of the maternity hospital.

A number of the children expressed a desire for relaxation of discipline regarding music lessons, going to bed early, use of the radio etc., but predominating was the

## WHAT MAKES A HOME?

'Tis the gentle pitter patter  
Of wee feet upon the stair,  
The sound of children's laughter  
Gaily ringing through the air,  
The shining eyes that smile at us,  
Wee lips that hold a kiss  
Far sweeter than the nectar  
That the bee from flower sips;  
'Tis the fire's soft warm welcome  
And the daylight's mellow glow,  
Friendly books and easy chairs,  
And the folks we like to know;  
The love, and light, and laughter  
That go singing through the gloam,  
All telling us of peace within,  
That makes a Home a Home.

ELIZABETH MACMASTER BROCKWAY.

"Just what do you mean?" her daddy probed.

"Well, you promised me a bike if I'd practice and help mother, and now you say it's to be a Christmas present."

Barbara had touched on a point that many parents fail to consider — that children are very sensitive to the unfairness of broken promises. While they may not say much about their disappointments, they brood about the injustice of a promise made and broken, or later amended.

## My Desire

GIVE ME ears to hear the questions  
Of a knowledge-seeking child;  
Give me sympathetic insight  
To his problems, great and mild;  
Give me patience, never-ending,  
For the things I teach and do;  
Clear my vision—may I ever  
Feel his needs and see his view.  
Make me with the child to wander  
Thru his happy fairy lands;  
Let me skip with him and listen  
To imaginary bands.  
Soon his fairies all will vanish,  
And the music fade away;  
Fantasies will change to visions;  
Work will rival happy play.  
So if I may be companion,  
Friend, and playmate of a child,  
I shall never doubt his learning  
While I teach the things worthwhile.

—LESTER KEATHLEY.

Fathers, and mothers too, can determine how they rate in answering questions prompted by children's wishes. Give yourself a score of four for each answer in the YOUR LIFE questionnaire below. If your total is less than eighty in the "yes" column, make plans to eliminate the "no" answers if you would rate "tops" grade with your child.

## How Good a Parent Are You?

	Yes	No
1. Did you spend at least two hours with your child in his activities this past week?		
2. Has your child discussed an intimate problem with you within the last year?		

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
3. Within the past month, have you said to your child, "Saturday afternoon is yours; what shall we do?"		
4. Do you occasionally suggest a party for your child's friends?		
5. Do your children frequently bring their friends home as a matter of course?		
6. Do you provide a given place and facilities at home for your child's play?		
7. Do you give your child a vacation break from routine at least once a year?		
8. Can and do you apologize to your child for an unwarranted criticism or scolding?		
9. Does your child have a set weekly allowance that you let him manage?		
10. Does your child have established regular duties in the home?		
11. Is your child receiving adequate religious training?		
12. Is your child provided with magazines and books suited to his mentality?		
13. Do you censor the movies your child attends?		
14. Do you censor the radio programs your child hears?		
15. Does your child dare question your decisions?		
16. Do you insist on adequate rest for your child?		
17. Do you refrain from disciplining your children in the presence of their friends?		
18. Do you make a promise and keep it to the letter without amending it later with restrictions?		
19. Do you quarrel in private (if at all) and thus save your child from the unpleasantness of being an audience to such sessions?		
20. Do you maintain an orderly, attractive appearance so your child may be proud of you?		
21. Do you keep your temper when your child upsets you and refrain from shouting at him?		
22. Do you give your child an opportunity for play without interruption and interference?		
23. Do you refrain from teasing your child?		
24. Do you allow your child a reasonable proportion of the conversation time rather than monopolizing the lion's share?		
25. Do you compliment your child when a compliment is due?		
TOTAL		



# Promises Must be Kept

*Those who make promises to children dare not break them on pain of losing their faith and confidence*

by ANGELO PATRI

PROMISES are binding. They must be kept. When circumstances arise that make it impossible to do so, the child is entitled first, to an explanation, and second, to a substitute that he will accept in place of the promises.

The teacher who promises to have a set of papers marked by a certain date and then doesn't return the marks for days and days afterward, is guilty of a breach of faith. The parent who promises a treat and then fails to make good, is guilty of inexcusable carelessness. The relative who promises a college course and then forgets all about it when the time comes, is a faithless person for whom there is no pardon.

One day, a second grade teacher said to her class, "Children, this is the time to get out your drawing material. Come, everybody, we are going to make Christmas cards, beautiful cards to take home to mother. Make them as nice as you can, for Mother must have the very, very best."

Lottie, who was the pride of the class, set the pace and all the other children followed her leadership.

They worked like beavers. Their tongues twisted and their fingers knotted, but they toiled on painting cautiously, laboriously, for the holly and the stars must look just right. My, but they were keyed up. They kept calling excitedly for what they needed:

"Please, can I have some more red?"

"Oh, teacher, Helen went and pulled my brush and look what she did. My paper is spoiled. Can I have a fresh sheet?"

"Teacher, I'm finished, can I do another one?" Everybody was happy. They were doing something to take home to mother.

Soon the lesson was at an end. "Children you'll have to stop now. First row show me your work. Now the next row. I want to see all the cards before they go home. Fine. Good. Very good. Your mother will like that. Lottie, that's the nicest card in the class. Why, it's so good I'm going to keep it myself to show the drawing teacher when she comes in January. No, you can't have it to take home, not just now. Children, you've done well, very well. I'm proud of you.

Now, get your coats. Class stand. Forward. March."

On the way to the clothing closet, Lottie scuffed her feet and she slapped Helen.

"Lottie, what's getting into you this day? Stay after school, I want to see you."

Lottie went to her seat and, on the way, stuck her tongue out at the teacher. The good children were shocked. But, what was worse, the teacher saw her.

"Lottie, stand in the corner. Immediately. Face to the wall. I must see your mother about this."

Mother was greatly disturbed by the unheard-of conduct. She questioned her small daughter as to why and how and what for.

"Oh, she was so mean to me, she was. She said I could make a Christmas card for you, and I did. I tried hard, too. Didn't make a single blot. And then she kept it, she did, she kept it for herself because it was so nice."

**Y**ES, a promise is binding. If a teacher fails to keep it she is undone. Teachers are compounded of the faith that children have in them. That gone, the teacher ceases to exist. She no longer counts. Yes, it's true. There's more trouble than a little because grown up people make hasty promises and find it inconvenient to keep them.

"Rosie, dear, swallow your medicine like a good child and

when you are well, I'll take you to the seashore where you can build sand houses and sail boats and everything. Won't it be lovely? Come, now, take your medicine like a good child."

Reluctantly Rosie opens her mouth and swallows the distasteful dose. By and by she gets well and she remembers about the day at the seashore. "Mother, when are you going to take me to the shore? I'm well now."

"Oh, some day."

"But when? When are you?"

"By and by. Soon, perhaps."

Days come and go. Rosie watches for signs that indicate a trip to the promised land of delight. But no signs appear. At last, she feels compelled to speak once more. "Mother, you promised. When are you going to take me?"

"Didn't I say I'd take you when I had time? Now, don't ask me again or I'll never take you."

Rosie is stunned — surprised. For some unknown reason her mother is angry and that puzzles her.

"But, mother, you said if I took my medicine, you-d-d."

"Oh, bother the medicine. Let me be. You're a pest."

No, no, madam, Rosie is not at fault. It isn't she who's the pest. *Mothers who make promises to children should not, dare not, ignore them. Mother's power is measured by the faith her children have in her. Without that, the mother is undone.* Yes, it's so



easy to make promises — and so hard to keep them.

LONG, long ago, Aunt Caroline came to visit her sister. She was young and strong and handsome. She had plenty of money. She arrived with bags and trunks and boxes. She had come to stay a month. At once, Aunt Caroline took a great fancy to her nephew. "Oh, Ralph, I'm going to take you with me out West when I go back home. I'll show you the mountains and the deserts and the great Pacific Ocean. You'll see oranges and grapevines and figs and dates right on the trees. You'll see Indians and cowboys. It will do you a world of good. It'll help with your education too."

Ralph was delighted, his excitement was intense. He was going out West to see Indians and cowboys and a desert. It was like a dream come true. He told all his friends about it. He, he himself was going to ride a bronco and lasso a wild horse and maybe scalp an Indian. He would if he got too close. He was going to have a knife, a hatchet and a gun. Yes sir, he was going out West.

One afternoon Aunt Caroline dressed in her best and told Ralph to come along with her.

"Where to?" asked Ralph.

"Over to Mrs. Susan's house. I must call there before going back home. She is giving me a tea this afternoon. Come along."

"Not me! I wouldn't be found dead at old Sue's house."

"Very well, I never speak twice," said Aunt Caroline, and she sailed out under a blue parasol supported by pink indignation.

Of course, nobody thought any more about the incident. They knew that Sue disliked Ralph and that Ralph disliked Sue. They let it go at that. But not Aunt Caroline — a change had come over her. She was polite to the boy and that was all.

The day came when Aunt Caroline bought the tickets for the West. Ralph had been preparing for the great occasion. His clothes were ready — gun, rod, knife, all polished within an inch of their lives. A book about Indians topped the pile.

"Shall I take a trunk, Aunt Caroline, or how will we manage?"

"We! you surely do not mean that you think you are coming with me? I never ask people to come with me a second time. I told you that when you refused to come to Sue's house."

Ralph turned pale. His mother was terrified. She was hurt to the depths of her heart, terribly hurt. She went to comfort the stricken boy.

"Oh, mother, how will I ever face the boys? How will I ever stand it? How can she be so mean?"

That happened long, long ago. Ralph is a grown man now with



children of his own. Mother visits often and the household welcome her with open arms. But Aunt Caroline is never invited. "I'd rather not. I don't want her with the children," says Ralph.

**Y**es, there is nothing that hurts a child more than the pain of a shattered faith. It leaves scars that never heal. *You see, children must have someone to look on, someone whose word they can take and feel sure and safe. In other words, they must have faith in the parent, the teacher, the relative. Once they find a friend they cling to him with hooks of steel. When they are in trouble, they go to him for information, for advice, for comfort.*

One of my lads was on his way out of the school.

"Oh, wait a minute," said he, "I want to ask Miss Mary about my work in history. I may need to study extra hard for the exams, and I'd better find out."

"But Miss Jane just told you your marks were all right."

"Yes, yes, I know she did. But she doesn't care whether I pass or

not. If I ask Miss Mary she'll tell me how I stand and what I have to do and she'll be right. You see, whenever I want to know anything for sure, I ask her."

That's the kind of a reputation to have. If you have it you can influence children tremendously. If you haven't it, you cannot even make them hear your voice for they have a trick of listening to your silent self and of judging you by that.

I know it does seem trifling to insist upon a meticulous regard for details but, I assure you, it's no trifling matter. Children are literal. They take what you say at its face value. When they find themselves wrong in their belief in you, they withdraw and they do not return. It's a hard thing to say, but I've never known a lost faith to be wholly restored.

Keep faith. Teach the children they can depend upon you today, tomorrow, forever. Teach them by daily experience that you are loyal, sincere, honest. Keep your promises and the children's faith in you will be lasting — everlasting.

### *Lifeline*

**W**hen I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself that, were the offer made me, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask, should be the privilege of an author, to correct in a second edition, certain errors of the first.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

## A Minute a Day

*Bosses hire and fire, and society judges men by their speech—improve it the minute a day way*

by FREEMAN ELLSWORTH

RECENTLY over the radio, Alf M. Landon attack-ted Mr. Roose-e-velt's program of gov'munt. Following Landon immediately, as you will recall, General Hugh S. Johnson not only cracked down on his "pious platitudes," but mocked his mispronunciations. You can spot some of them for yourself on the following pages of this department.

A broad problem of your life lies behind this one-sided aerial encounter. Pronunciation, spelling, all the minutiae of words, may seem a mere tongue-trifle. Nothing could be further from the truth.

No matter what profession you are in, the mastery of words in every aspect is both fascinating and important to you. No product can speak entirely for itself. If it could, salesmen would soon starve to death.

Your employer, like your friends, no doubt has his pet hates and favorites in speech. Do you know what they are? He may never tell you. He may not even realize what they are himself. But he hires and fires by the test of a man's

speech, not by his deeds alone.

Building your speech for success ought to be a sport rather than a grim series of motions in a stuffy mental gymnasium. A minute a day given to the talk-tests presented each month in this department of YOUR LIFE is as much playtime as work-time. For instance, *try to get more out of the words you know*, like this:

Do you wear a few words down to the bone? How often do you say *nice* when you mean agreeable, comfortable, pleasant? *Nice* itself has several shades of meaning: able to make fine distinctions (*nice ear*), showing delicate treatment (*nice stroke*), calling for close analysis (*nice problem*.)

How about *sensible*? Do you always use it in the sense of having common sense? It also means, among other things, considerable (difference), impressive, conscious of (sensible of a fault, to a kindness).

Promise to reform this very moment. Invent complete sentences of your own, using these and other words in various ways.

*What Do You Know About:*

1. AREPA: Is it a paddle or a pancake?
2. BARRATRY: Is it maritime or matrimonial?
3. CRYPTOGRAPHY: Is it writing in code or in cellars?
4. GIBBOUS: Is it proper to man or moon?
5. HEMIONUS: Is it donkey or man?
6. LYCOPODIUM: Is it foot disease or fireworks powder?
7. MANDRAKE: Is it plant or poultry?
8. OBEAH: Is it music or magic?
9. STEATOPYGOUS: Is it fat or lean?
10. ZYMOGEN: Is it found in beer or business men?

Answers: 1. *pancake*; 2. *maritime*; 3. *code*; 4. *both*; 5. *donkey*; 6. *powder*; 7. *plant*; 8. *magic*; 9. *fat*; 10. *both*.

*How's Your Tongue-Control?*

Try out your spelling, memory, and tongue-control on the following nonsense paragraph. First read it aloud. Then, looking away, see how many words you can recall and spell.

A disappointed, desiccated pundit of pedagogy ascended his tricycle one day for an embarrassing excursion to Barcelona. At the initial kilometer he was immolated by the impetus of the automobiled juggernaut of an illuminated dermatologist.

## YOUR LIFE'S Minute a Day Spelling Bee

THE first thirty words below are those merchants of confusion, Messrs. *Able* and *Ible*, *Er* and *Or*, *Ant* and *Ent*. Try two methods: have someone pronounce the word but slur its ending (*able*, etc.); you

pronounce the ending distinctly. Have the word spelled rapidly except for its final vowel (*a*, *e*, *i*, *o*); you supply the vowel. Apply the vowel-clue to spelling: *fusion*, *fusible*; *estimation*, *estimable*.

adducible	abettor	attendant	astrakhan
crystallizable	barrister	concupiscent	coryphaeus
digestible	collector	ebullient	daguerreotype
disagreeable	enlightener	flagrant	fuchsia
estimable	prestidigitator	fraudulent	isosceles
fusible	quarrelor	gallant	kleptomaniac
manageable	ruminator	lambent	ophthalmologist
risible	successor	nascent	ptarmigan
unrebatable	titillator (er)	quadrant	teetotaller
vendible	worshipper	virulent	velocipede

## KEEP MENTALLY FIT

Strengthen your intelligence by daily bouts in vocabulary-building. For example, how many words can you name that end in *—dous*, *—ary*, and *—ose*? These will give you a little shadow-boxing to start out: horrendous, stupendous, mercenary, pulmonary, verbose, morose.



## YOUR LIFE'S Minute a Day Pronunciation Builder

EVERY DAY you are likely to meet and mispronounce the words listed below. The very common ones are likely to cause most trouble. You may think you are certain of them and then break down under pressure of a private grilling or a public appearance. Make sure you know the meaning of each word and can spell it. Complete word-mastery keeps you in step with your social and business environment.

*Correct Pronunciation*

accent (verb)	āk-sěnt'
address (verb or noun)	ād-drēs'
barrage	bār-rāzh'
bouquet	boo-kay'
chestnut	chēs'-nut
conduit	kōn'-dīt
dirigible	dīr'-īj-īb-l
dishabille	dīs-ā-beel'
esquire	ēs-kwīr'
fiancé (-ée the lady)	fee-ahn-say'
flaccid	flāk'-sīd
gigolo	jīg'-ō-lō
gratis	grā'-tīs
handkerchief	hāng'-kēr-chīf
jeopardize	jěp'-ārd-īz
kilometer	kīl'-ō-mē-tēr
lorgnette	lōrn-yět'
manufactory	mān-ū-fāk'-tō-rī
misogynist	mīs-ōj'-īn-īst
nepotism	něp'-ō-tīzm
nestle	nēs'-l
orgy	ōr'-jī
precedence	pree-see'-děns
precedency	pree-see'-děn-sī
rinse	rīns
risque	rees-kay'
soften	sōf'-n
ubiquitous	ū-bīk'-wīt-ūs
voluminous	vō-lū'mīn-ūs
Zoe	Zō'-ē

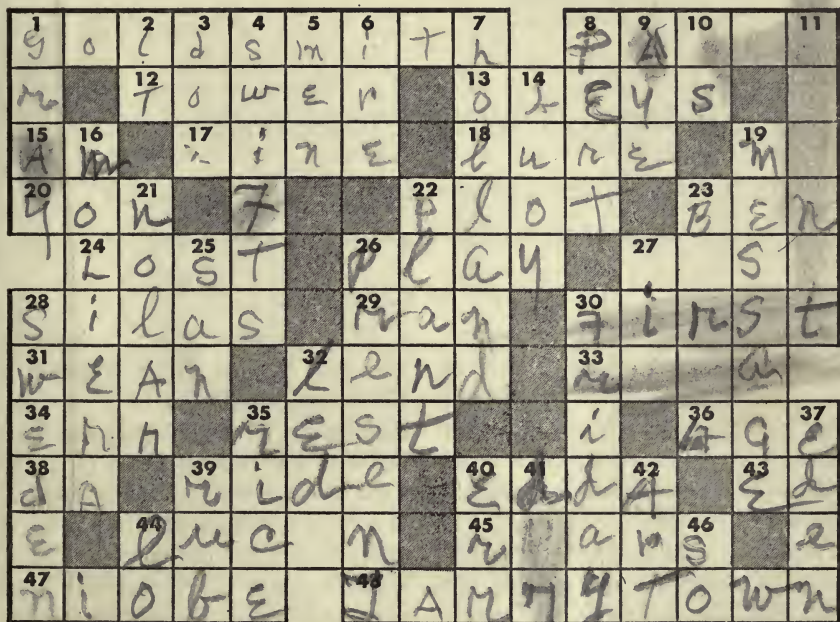
THE following ten words contain three which Alf M. Landon mispronounced on the radio. Circle the accented syllable which you believe is correct. Then compare with the correct answers.

Administration-adminisTRation  
COMparable-comPARable  
EXQUISite-EXquisite  
INDustry-inDUStry  
INquiry-inQUIry  
lyCEum-LYceum  
orCHEstra-ORchestra  
PRESident-presiDENT  
reVOCable-REVocable  
VEhement-veHEment

Answers: adminisTRation, COMparable, EXquisite, INDustry, inQUIry, lyCEum, ORchestra, PRESident, REVocable, VEhement. Landon slipped up on numbers 1, 4, and 8.

*Do You Know —*

That "canary" has nothing to do with birds — originally? The Canary Islands were named after the dogs (Latin *canis*) which early halliburtons found there. . . . Do you know that words breed quintuplets and more? From the same stock, but with individual differences, come *rate*, *ratio*, *ration*, *rational*, *rationalist*.



## LITERARY CROSSWORDS

## Across

1. He wrote THE DESERTED VILLAGE.
8. Birthplace of George Sand.
12. Anthony Trollope gave us BARCHESTER — (sing.).
13. Submits to the authority of. Exist.
17. Number of Muses.
18. To entice, as did Sirens of classic mythology.
19. Symbol for manganese.
20. Yonder (Poetic).
22. Plan of a Story.
23. — HUR is from pen of Lew Wallace.
24. Milton wrote PARADISE —.
26. Ibsen's HEDDA GABLER is one.
27. Artifice.
28. George Eliot penned — MARNER.
29. What one-hoss shay did "a hundred years to a day."
30. William Dean Howells was born on this day of March.
31. To alienate the affections of.
32. Shakespeare advised neither to borrow nor do this.
33. An incarnation of Vishnu.
34. Sea eagle.

35. "Work first and then —" (Ruskin).

36. THE — OF INNOCENCE is by Edith Wharton.
38. Hugo was author of NOTRE DAME — PARIS.
39. To do as did historical hero of a Longfellow poem.
40. Norse name for collections of Icelandic literature.
43. Editor (abbr.).
44. Roman poet.
45. Bellows.
47. Wife of Amphiion.
48. Washington Irving's home still stands here.

## Down

1. Author of ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.
2. Lieutenant (abbr.).
3. — QUIXOTE.
4. Whose work is GULLIVER'S TRAVELS?
5. Alcott wrote LITTLE —.
6. Birthplace of Oscar Wilde (abbr.).
7. Hendrik Van Loon was born here.
8. Saucy.
9. Yes.
10. Rupees (abbr.).
11. Petrarch often wrote this.

14. A float.
16. Assumed name of Jean Baptiste Poquelin.
19. Elbert Hubbard is famous for a — TO GARCIA.
21. Principal character in THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.
22. Ceres was goddess of such as this.
23. Locale of Mandalay.
25. THE BRIDGE OF — LUIS REY.
26. Time of which Sinclair Lewis writes.
27. Long narrow inlet.
28. Birthplace of Strindberg.
30. Robinson Crusoe's manservant.
32. Mother of Castor and Pollux.
35. She wrote MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.
37. Garden mentioned in Bible.
39. "To sleep: perchance to dream: aye, there's the —."
40. "To — is human, to forgive divine."
41. Kind of beetle.
42. " — is long, and Time is fleeting" (Longfellow).
44. Behold!
46. Edna Ferber wrote — BIG.

# Conversation

## Talking About Books and Art

*Sprightly facts and anecdotes of the month which will make your small talk scintillate in a big way*

by JOHN D. CAMPBELL

IN THREE months The Book of the Month Club will round out its twelfth year. It started in a small way in a modest office. Now the organization occupies a whole floor on Madison Avenue, New York City, and employs some 425 persons there. At the end of the first year there were 40,000 members. Now there are more than 200,000.

Who are the members? Even the Book of the Month Club doesn't know. In one Ohio city, however, they managed to analyze their membership and found to their surprise that girl office workers of the lower wage brackets formed the largest single unit. They believe this is true throughout the nation.

Every month some 300 sets of galley proofs arrive at the offices from all the publishers. Of the twenty readers at the Book of the Month Club, five for certain look over every set of proofs. A manuscript is read, reread four times, and judged. The usual time of reading and judging is six weeks

ahead of the date of publication. But most publishers will change their date of publication if the Book of the Month Club chooses their book and wants another date. If selected, a book receives a special printing for the occasion.

Fiction was the favorite in the early selections. Now books are being selected on a fifty-fifty basis with non-fiction gradually forging ahead. Director Harry Scherman attributes this to two things; there are not many good novels being written, and people have become more serious in their reading. Most Book of the Month selections become best sellers; but a number drop off in popularity after the initial impetus of being read by the members.

Monthly the organization prints a small magazine in which leading literary figures review the coming books. The December choices were "The Importance of Living" by Lin Yutang and "Pepita" by V. Sackville-West, five excerpts of which were published in The New Yorker magazine this fall.



The November choice was "The Turning Wheels" by Stuart Cloete (pronounced *Clooty*).

The author was in this country previous to publication but left before he could become lionized at literary teas. Interviewed over the air by Peggy Wood, the actress-writer, he drew the analogy between the "covered wagon" pioneering of the Afrikanders of his book and the American pioneers. The visit to this country made such an impression on the author that he plans to spend six months a year here in the future.

\* \* \*

THE photographs in Gertrude Stein's new book "Everybody's Autobiography" were taken by wealthy Carl Van Vechten, former best selling novelist ("Peter Whiffle," "Blind Bow Boy," "Nigger Heaven"). It seems in arrangements for the publication, Miss Stein omitted to be profuse enough in her thanks to the photographer.

So the publisher of Random House, Bennett Cerf, cabled Miss Stein to send a cable to Van Vechten and impress on him how thankful she was. At the end of the cable Cerf jestingly said: "Give, baby, give." Next day Van Vechten received a lengthy message from Miss Stein in Paris praising his work to the skies. Publisher Cerf also received a cable from the author.

It read: "Did I give, baby?"

"THE RAINS CAME" is a 597-page novel by forty-one year old Louis Bromfield. It's a best seller, but strangely enough it will be a long time before the author gets back the money he put into the writing. Few people realize how much money some books cost the authors.

In this case Bromfield made several expensive trips to India to get the locale, characters and "feel" of the book. In January, 1933, he started the actual writing at Cooch Behar.

Bromfield is one of the last of America's expatriated writers. He spends most of his time at his farm at Senlis, an hour from Paris. Every so often he comes to this country as he did just before publication of the new book. On those visits he is the playboy of the literary world. Stopping at the Algonquin hotel, he is host to his myriad friends. But when he wants to work he goes back to Europe. Bromfield writes daily between 9:30 and 11:30 in the morning. The rest of the time he plays.

At the moment he is skiing in Switzerland and Austria and will return to New York in February. Some people announced that he was coming back to this country to live.

I read a recent letter from him which said, "I'm going to India to live." In this same letter he writes "The best publicity for an

author is to do a Garbo" and avoid the limelight. But his publisher and his friends don't place too much certainty on either of these statements. Bromfield likes his Senlis property too well and enjoys seeing his thousands of friends too much either to retire to India or from the limelight.

\* \* \*

EVERY time William Faulkner comes east, he becomes the subject of a number of amusing stories. Recently he was in New York conferring about "The Unvanquished," his latest collection of stories to be published this month. At one of the momentous literary teas during which publishers parade their authors, Faulkner was accosted by a garrulous, excited woman.

"Mr. Faulkner," she began, "you are the greatest genius writing today. I think every word you write is a treasure. I think you are the finest . . . greatest . . . best . . ."

The author blinked and interrupted in his Mississippi drawl: "Ma'am, I'm doin' the best I can."

\* \* \*

NOTHING in the past ten years has divided the literary field so completely as Ernest Hemingway's best seller "To Have and Have Not." Critics and writers have outdone themselves in either damning the book or praising it.

Anyone who is interested in this

fracas from a literary standpoint of view may get a good glimpse of both sides of the argument by securing a copy of the Newsweek issue in which Sinclair Lewis urged Hemingway to come back from Spain and try saving Hemingway. Lewis presents the con side. In the Saturday Review of Literature, Elliot Paul denounced the critics and defended Hemingway. Both of these articles were splendid and are worth anyone's attention.

\* \* \*

AFTER doing some extensive bicycling through Europe with his wife, Gene Fowler returned to find his novel "Salute to Yesterday" being hailed on both coasts. In the east critics were delighted that the former Colorado newspaperman had written another novel while simultaneously laboring in movie studios. On the west coast the movie executives were amazed; how had this story been written right under their noses without their having first rights?

Four companies opened bidding. W. C. Fields, Frank Morgan, Wallace Beery and Lionel Barrymore all expressed the desire to play the character of lovable Captain James Job Trolley. The author's rich experience as a newspaperman provides the salty background of "Salute to Yesterday."

"On the surface it looks crazy," he said, "but it isn't underneath, really. Of course some of the boys deny that people like that exist,

but there were people like that out West."

Fowler's first job on the Boulder Camera lasted one day. Sent out to cover a fire in which a fireman stepped from a roof and broke his leg, the reporter was brief: "That was one step," he wrote, "that particular fireman should not have taken." The editor suggested he seek some other occupation.

To Fowler there is no such thing as an ex-newspaperman; once in you always keep a hand in somehow. He says he got out of newspaper work when efficiency experts came in; he believes furthermore that someone should endow a Swindle Sheet Chair at the Columbia School of Journalism and he would take the job.

\* \* \*

EVERY fall and winter hundreds of young artists arrive in New York hopeful of obtaining a show of their works. They pound the pavements, almost starve to death, and of their number perhaps one gets a showing yearly. The others return home, heartbroken and disillusioned. Only the Federal Art Project in the past three years has been able to salvage part of the morale of the disappointed sculptors and painters and under government sponsorship many hundreds have enjoyed their first exhibition.

Art dealers are in the business of making money, after all, so they want to exhibit names which will

mean something. The young artist goes from gallery to gallery seeking an entry. But every time he turns around, he needs money. The large and important dealers do not charge for their galleries, but the smaller ones do. Picture frames for an exhibition cost about \$25 apiece. He must pay for his printing, advertising, and publicity. And live at the same time.

The worst blow of all is that after so much money has been raised or borrowed, the young painter sells very few if any canvases at his first exhibition. So he goes home none the richer and starts to paint pictures for his next show one or two years distant.

In the past year, however, a new factor has appeared on the art horizon. This is the many-paged color section of the magazine "Life." It has become the ambition of many American artists to have this magazine recognize them. Paul Cadmus became a nationally known artist after the pages "Life" devoted to his paintings. And the Waldo Pierce exhibition, also featured in the magazine, has been sent on a tour of the country which will take several years and be displayed in more than fifteen museums which wrote in to the Midtown Gallery after the display in "Life."

\* \* \*

For the first time this winter a large number of the sleek black figures of François Pompon are



being shown. In 1933 the sculptor died at the age of seventy-eight. In his early days he was a stone cutter for Rodin. He loved animals, sculpted them. They are principally to be seen in the collection of his works at the Jardin Des Plantes in Paris. Curious feature of the opening of the show in New York was the presence of a number of toy and knick-knack manufacturers who investigated the Pompon works as possible ideas for their wares.

\* \* \*

Art dealers are often capricious — more often, jealous of one another. These two factors caused a minor scandal in the art world this fall. It also rocketed the price of the artist involved and brought forth hundreds of inquiries about the man's work.

Last winter Valentine Dudensing, dealer, showed an exhibition of the works of Chain Soutine, Lithuanian painter born in 1894 and friend of Modigliani after he arrived in Paris in 1911. A rival dealer came to the show and threw up her hands: "Why, these are terrible," she exclaimed. "Soutine is an awful artist — even Barnes is getting rid of his Soutines from his collection."

The rumor spread in art circles because any move which Dr. Albert Barnes makes is always carefully watched. Dudensing was amazed at the rumor. So he wrote Dr. Barnes. A return letter stated that the famous Philadelphia collector considered Soutine a more important artist than Van Gogh and he most certainly was not disposing of any of his works.

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## *Talking About the Theater*

by WHITNEY BOLTON

INTIMATES, venturing into Eugene O'Neill's retreat on the Coast of Northern California, return with these tidings:

He has completed the outlines in full of eight *related* plays, the production of which would require the producer to put the actors under contract for *four* years on the basis of forty weeks a year.

The action of the series begins in 1806 and carries an average

American family through five generations. The first are met in New England and in 1828 an infusion of Irish blood, by marriage to a Celtic strain, gives new impetus to the group. The family begins to scatter, invades every section except the South.

By 1857, members have penetrated to the Pacific Coast, still later have fastened onto Washington and New York, with the

eighth and climactic play laid in the Middle West.

Each play is sufficient unto itself and complete.

\* \* \*

Dramatists, if they are successful enough to pay their bills, operate under no delusions that the atmosphere of Manhattan is a magic for good work. The unsuccessful, the groping and the middling huddle in their New York apartments, grind away at their work. The wealthy bundle thirty-five pounds of luggage together and board a transport plane for areas where the sun beats warm on their naked shoulderblades in winter.

Marc Connelly, author of many successes, notably "The Green Pastures," producer of that cozy, heartening little play of adult summer camp life, "Having Wonderful Time," bundled forty-one pounds of luggage into a valise, paid excess weight on six pounds at seventy-five cents a pound and took a plane for California's desert retreat, Palm Springs.

There, by his own words, he will "polish up a new play." There, by experience aforetime, he will meet film stars, film producers, wealthy fellow craftsmen, never suffer from head cold, chills, shivers or boredom.

Shakespeare, sponged off once or twice a season for a half-hearted revel with his choicest works (remember last year's duello when

rival Hamlets fought it out in measured metaphor?), was to have been a major figurine for this season's New York drama. Alas, penury and over-zeal battered him twice. The Surry Players, young, eager, flat of purse, tried "As You Like It," never monumentally popular, and went along for a little while with a stylized, sometimes ingratiating performance. No public swarm battered at the doors.

Tallulah Bankhead, more brave than shrewd, tried that seldom produced, rarely successful item, "Antony and Cleopatra," and was roundly slated by the critics for her audacity.

One balm she retrieved: her bridegroom, John Emery, received unanimous critical cheers for his masterly performance as Octavius Caesar in the same play.

One critic, not at all abashed by the Bankhead fame, wrote bluntly that she seemed "more a Serpent of the Swanee than of the Nile."

\* \* \*

Irwin Shaw, bright, willing young dramatist who achieved that minor classic, "Bury The Dead," bitter one-actor against war, has rested on cinema oars since, but now is announced as having the assignment to write a play about the spectacle of the greatest city in the world: New York. The Group Theater gave him the assignment. Five weeks

after he received the assignment he had written this:

"QUIET CITY"

Act 1, Scene 1.

(Speaker): New York is a monstrous ashtray.

Two eminent men of New York have discovered a way to see thunderous but cheap motion pictures and hear wondrous violin concerts utterly without charge.

Jascha Heifetz has an overwhelming weakness for blood-and-thunder pictures, the cheaper the better. Arthur Mayer, owner of Broadway's Rialto Theater, has a weakness for violin concerts. Heifetz has a pass entitling him to see every film shocker booked into the Rialto, Mayer has a standing free ticket for every Heifetz concert. They made the deal between them.

\* \* \*

The clowns always yearn for tears. Two clowns have hungered for years to doff their motley and put on black. Charlie Chaplin still dreams of playing the tragic years of Napoleon. Jack Pearl, Broadway, Hollywood and Radio dialectician comedian, has announced himself annually for five years as ready to star in a tragedy. For three years no one has taken it seriously. He had cried "Wolf!" too often. This year it comes true.

He will star in "One Flight Down," a play dealing cruelly

with a tailor who lives in a dank basement in Ninth Avenue, New York.

\* \* \*

Edward Childs Carpenter and Morrie Ryskind, stalwart dramatists, are not above fetching into truth for play themes. Experience has shown them that recognizable news facts titillate a large cash public. To that end, they now collaborate on a thus far untitled comedy about a Hollywood actress who had to get a divorce to remarry, although she never really had been married to the first husband. The news story on this broke two years, four months ago. Alert memories will have no difficulty conjuring up the name of the popular cinema star who got a fake divorce to satisfy the headlines and the Grundies.

\* \* \*

John Steinbeck, quiet, gentle California author who has written such native classics as "Of Mice And Men" and "Tortilla Flat," will see both of them on New York stages this Winter. The first will be playing when you read this. "Tortilla Flat" is a late January item.

Steinbeck is a gift to his adaptors. His novels are written in play construction technique, require little more of an adaptor than blue-pencilling the "he said" and "she said" which follow the dialogue for prose purposes.





# THE ART OF CONVERSATION

*And How to Apply Its Technique*

Condensed from the book by

MILTON WRIGHT

*Author of "Getting Along with People"*

**I**F YOU would influence people, win an argument or win a wife, cultivate a friend or humble an enemy, get information or give it, ask a favor or deny one, land a job, sell a bill of goods, be elected to office — if you would accomplish anything, at work or play, where you are in the presence of other human beings, then you must talk. And the better you talk, the greater will be your success.

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# The Art of Conversation

*No matter how well you can talk you will learn  
many an entertaining and convincing trick here*

by MILTON WRIGHT

**I**F YOU are at a loss to support a flagging conversation, introduce the subject of eating. Sir Horace Walpole's secret for unfailing and harmonious table-talk was gallantry; but this will not always do, especially as handled by the jovial minister. Even scandal will not be welcome to everybody.

*But who doesn't eat? And who cannot speak of eating? The subject brightens the eyes, and awakens the tender recollections of everybody at table—from the little boy with his beatific vision of dumpling to the most venerable person present, who mumbles his grouse.*

So declared Leigh Hunt, who will live long in literary tradition as one of our most brilliant conversationalists. But Leigh also was a delightful essayist. He would dash off delicious bits of chitchat that sounded plausible and made entertaining reading, but if you go to following his advice, the same thing is likely to happen to you that happens to the tea leaves that mean so much to these British conversationalists—you may find yourself in hot water.

Suppose, just for the sake of

establishing how much or how little merit there is in food as a universal topic, that you are on a transatlantic liner, one day out, with the sea a bit choppy. You are seated at the table with those two pretty girls with whom you have been looking forward to talking. Just now they do not appear at their best; they seem to have lost their appetites. Their cheeks are pasty and their eyes are reminiscent of the eyes of dead fish. You have a notion they soon may be leaving the table.

"Quite a bit of weather we're having," you chirp by way of getting them interested. "Almost makes you wish you were home, doesn't it? Good old home! I can see mother now, frying doughnuts. The smell of them draws you out to the kitchen. There on the stove you see the rich boiling fat going bubble, bubble, bubble in the pot. Mother takes a circle of raw dough and drops it—plop—right into the middle of the bubbling fat. Talk about eating!"

No, let Leigh Hunt talk about it; it's his topic, not ours. If you or I started a conversation that

way under those circumstances, how successful do you think we would be in brightening up the day for the young ladies and bringing back the sparkle to their eyes?

There is a time, of course, when it is wholly in order to talk about food, but the time is not always nor the place everywhere. In fact, there probably is no one specific topic that you can converse on successfully at all times and in all places. You must vary your discussion with the occasion.

What to talk about in any given situation is a problem, but, like all problems, it has its solution, and we arrive at this solution by applying fundamental principles.

### *A Diversity of Interests*

TO BE successful, a conversation must be interesting to the persons taking part in it. This means to *all* of the persons. It does not mean necessarily, however, that all must be interested in the same phases of it. Neither does it mean that the participants must either agree or disagree. It does mean that each person in the conversation must find in it something interesting to him, even though he may be the only one who knows what that something is.

Some of us were gathered together recently, discussing an interesting conversation that had been held the evening before. On that occasion the outstanding fig-

ure had been a well-known archaeologist.

"It was one of the most interesting evenings I have ever spent in that house," declared Clifford Hammond. "I don't know when I've taken in so much information in so short a time. I had always thought that the ancient Egyptian method of embalming the dead was a lost art, but this man was telling us all about it. Just to think that they used asphalt in the preservation of their mummies!"

Hammond's line of business is affiliated with road-building; consequently, anything involving asphalt would be certain to capture and hold his attention. Furthermore, his knowledge of antiquities is slight, and any information of the sort comes to him as a refreshing novelty. He found the conversation interesting because he was learning something.

But consider the reaction of Frank Forrester.

"I'm afraid his reputation had you all hypnotized," he asserted. "I would be the first to admit that my information on the subject is infinitesimal compared to his, but that doesn't close my eyes to the fact that there were decided flaws in his reasoning, or at any rate that there were gaps in the facts which led up to his conclusions.

"And there were other important facts which he left entirely out of his calculations. Who ever heard of asphalt being found



anywhere in the vicinity of the Nile valley? And if it had been there in the time of the Pharaohs, it would be there now."

Thus he went on, building up an argument to combat the statements made by the great man and doing it much better now that the archaeologist was no longer present to show him how weak his arguments were. Frank, you see, is a trial lawyer, and never is completely happy unless he is exposing testimony which he thinks is "irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial."

You notice, do you not, the difference in the effect upon him from the effect upon Clifford Hammond? Clifford had been interested because he was acquiring information. Frank was really rejecting information, but he was exchanging ideas; he was exercising his mind. Even though he might be getting decidedly the worst of it, the duel between him and the scholar — and this duel was still going on in his imagination — he found to be exhilarating.

THEY asked me how and why I had enjoyed the previous evening. Ordinarily, I would have evaded the question, for to tell people what I had got from conversing with them might tend to make them self-conscious. These were all my friends, however; they know my hobby, and it doesn't

worry them any more, so I spoke frankly.

"I was interested in the way he did it," I told them. "You had mentioned something a little earlier about street paving, Cliff, so I suspect that is why he happened to talk about the use of asphalt. You had given him a clue, you see, to what you were interested in."

"He cleverly forestalled one of your objections, Frank, by pointing out that the preservation of bodies was not the only use to which the Egyptians put asphalt. Undoubtedly, he saw the light of battle kindling in your eyes, and didn't want to have to humiliate you after you had declared yourself."

"Then I was interested in the way he brought Madge into the conversation. It really didn't advance the discussion any when he turned to her and asked her if she knew Cleopatra was a blonde. Up to that time, you had been rather silent, hadn't you, Madge?"

"But I was enjoying it," she protested. Madge Brierton was our hostess on this particular evening, although not on the evening we were discussing.

"Just what did you enjoy most about it?" we demanded. "Why the professor himself, of course," she replied, surprised that we should ask. "He seemed so young to have traveled in all those out-of-the-way places and to have acquired so much knowledge."

"And weren't you impressed by that rich baritone voice? He would sound delightful over the radio. And did you notice his deep brown eyes? They positively shone when he talked. I couldn't help feeling a little sorry for him, though."

"Why?" Madge is always feeling sorry for professors and stray kittens and other helpless creatures.

"As soon as I saw that button on his coat hanging by that long, loose thread, I knew he needed somebody to look after him. He's a bachelor, isn't he?"

### *Two Kinds of Interest*

THERE you have four different persons, and each with a different reaction to the same conversation, although all of us found it stimulating. Two of us were interested in the subject matter of the conversation, and two of us in the person who was doing most of the talking.

Of the first two, one was getting information and one was exchanging ideas. Of the latter two, one was interested in the technique of the principal participant in the conversation — not so much in what he said, as in the way he said it and in the skill and finesse he displayed in holding his audience.

The last was interested neither in what the man talked about, nor even in the way he talked, but rather in the fact that he had

learning and background and experience enough to enable him to talk as he did. She was interested in his personality, and that would have interested her just as deeply if he had not said a word. If there had been more of us discussing the conversation, there might have been still more points of view.

No matter how many persons there are in a conversation, however, there are only two general interests they feel:

1. They are interested in the topic.

2. They are interested in the converser.

We will assume that you wish to start a successful conversation. What your purpose is, is immaterial. You may wish to impress the other person with your knowledge or your ability, you may wish to change his opinion about something, you may wish to stimulate in him a desire to do something, you may wish merely to see that he enjoys himself. No matter what your objective, you must get him interested. How can you do that?

### *Instincts and Emotions*

BECAUSE a person is interested in himself, it is through his emotions and his instincts that you arouse his interest in yourself or in what you have to say. One man may think he has a handsome profile; it gives him a feeling of pleasure to contemplate it —

also to have you admire it. There is no doubt that this man is interested in himself and in his own emotions. Another man may be interested in baseball. Here it is not his own personality but an outside subject in which he is interested, you might say?

Not at all. He still is interested in himself. It is his own emotions of elation, anger, wonder and so on which hold his interest as he watches a game or talks about it. He probably is putting himself in the place of the runner sliding to base, if his sympathy is with the team at bat, or in the place of the man on the bag waiting to catch the throw, if he is rooting for the team in the field.

There are, as you probably are aware, a number of well-defined, basic instincts which all of us possess. They are:

1. Attraction.
2. Repulsion.
3. Self-assertion.
4. Self-abasement.
5. Pugnacity.
6. Flight.
7. Curiosity.

In addition to these, there are a lesser number of emotional tendencies or instincts which are possessed by most of us. They are:

8. Reproduction.
9. Creation.
10. Gregariousness.
11. Acquisition.

These are all the instincts there are, and any other seeming in-

stinct which might occur to you is nothing more than a form of one of them, or possibly a combination of two of them. Start a conversation with a remark that will call up any one of those instincts in your hearer, and you arouse his interest immediately. As long as those emotional reactions are being appealed to the conversation will continue to be interesting.

### *Pleasant and Unpleasant*

INTERESTING, yes, but not necessarily pleasant. You will note that the instincts are of two kinds, pleasant and unpleasant. The instinct of attraction, for example, arouses pleasure in your hearer, and he wants to have more information, ideas, experiences, thoughts, suggestions, and contacts which will keep that instinct aroused. In other words, he enjoys conversation along that line. On the other hand, conversation tending to arouse his instinct of repulsion would be decidedly disagreeable.

Let us consider these instincts for a few minutes, for they underlie all conversation. Some of them, you will observe, are directly opposed to others. Thus the instinct of attraction is the direct opposite of the instinct of repulsion, the instinct of self-assertion is the opposite of self-abasement, and the instinct of pugnacity, the opposite of the instinct of flight.

The instinct of curiosity carries its opposite within itself; that is



to say, it is a conflict of tendencies, bearing some relation or resemblance to attraction and some to flight.

### *Arousing Attraction*

THE noblest instinct possessed by man is that of attraction. In its highest expression it is called love; in a lesser degree it is friendship; in another form it shows itself as sincere religion. Here are some of its other outlets:

Patriotism.

Sympathy.

Gratitude.

Reverence.

Helpfulness.

Generosity.

Arouse in your hearer this instinct of attraction in any of its forms, and it cries out to express itself; your communion with the other person will be packed with interest. The attraction may be either to you or to the subject in which you have a common concern.

Parental affection probably is the strongest form which the instinct of attraction can take. A woman may love her husband, but she will love her children still more. She will love them more than she loves her parents or her country or her religion. Let them be mentioned in conversation and she is as deeply interested as it is possible for her to be.

Men have this feeling, too, although in a lesser degree. Did you never hear a man talk so

much about the smart things his baby said and did that he became the office pest? Praise children to their parents, or even express interest in them, and those parents become your friends. Give them an opportunity to talk about the youngster and they talk freely.

The same principle holds true with other phases of the instinct of attraction. Speak to an Italian about sunny Italy or to a German about the Fatherland, and his love of country loosens his tongue. Get him to talk of his friend and he will go to great lengths to prove to you that the friend is a person well worth knowing.

### *Beware of Repulsion*

IN CONTRAST to the instinct of attraction, we have the instinct of repulsion. Like every instinct, it is one of the means by which a person may become interested in something, but it is not an emotion likely to stimulate conversation.

This instinct of repulsion is evidenced in the way you act or feel like acting when something especially nasty or offensive is brought to your notice. A woman is likely to feel the force of this instinct when she goes out fishing for the first time and is obliged to bait her own hook with a live, wriggling minnow. Even conversation about it is likely to make her shudder.

You have this same instinct of repulsion when you feel an unac-

customed slimy or slippery substance against your skin, when you taste something unpleasant or when a foul odor assails your nostrils; a loathsome sight, too, may arouse it. You have a desire to get away from that place.

And just as you have an inclination to remove yourself physically from the cause of the offense, so any person with whom you are talking seeks to remove himself mentally from the offensive topic.

If, in the course of the conversation, a subject should be mentioned which is repugnant or repellent to one of the persons present, the only way for the conversation to be continued successfully is through changing the subject.

### *Stimulating Self-assertion*

**A**N INSTINCT which is sure-fire for conversational purposes is that of self-assertion. This does not arise necessarily from vanity, although vanity may be one form in which it is expressed. A man likes to occupy, mentally, a place of power and security. Every one of us tends, quite naturally, to think of himself as the center of

the universe, and if we are given any encouragement, we expand and are likely to become loquacious.

If you say something to me which seems to increase my importance, you are arousing my emotion of elation, and this emotion

expresses itself through the instinct of self-assertion. Whether I realize it or not, I seem to have a desire to justify the things you say about me and to say things which deepen the good impression I hope I am making.

Perhaps you are familiar with that particular

kind of lobster in which the male has an enormous right claw. When he has an audience of one or more lady lobsters, he holds that one immense claw aloft, and the lady lobsters think he is simply wonderful. You are familiar also, of course, with the manner in which a peacock spreads his beautiful tail and struts about for all the world to see and admire.

People are like that, too, and it is not exactly a matter of conceit. Just as it is wholly natural for the lobster and the peacock to flaunt their superior charms, so

*If you find yourself slipping and can hold only one principle before you as you talk, let it be this:*

*Desire only that you please the people with whom you are talking.*

If, in doing that, you can forget yourself, then you have learned the innermost secret of the art of good conversation. All the rest is a matter of technique.

it is in accordance with human nature for a man to expand and assert himself when given an opportunity.

### *Using Flattery*

THE most obvious and one of the most frequent methods of arousing this instinct is by the use of flattery. Contrary to popular impression, flattery is not something to be generally condemned. It has a very important function in conversation. When it is insincere, or when it is overdone, it may cause more harm than good and may react unfavorably against the flatterer. When it is used as it should be, however, it provides a very proper stimulus to the self-assertive instinct and thus promotes the interchange of information and ideas.

Usually, to be most effective, flattery should be delicate. It should be implied rather than expressed. Sometimes it may lead directly to conversation, and sometimes it serves only to put the other person in a frame of mind conducive to pleasant conversation. In every case where it is done adroitly it breaks down the wall which shuts in the utterances of the other person.

In the case of a business deal it may break down sales resistance, as every woman knows who has gone into a dress shop and been informed by the saleswoman that the particular gown she is

trying on sets off her figure to advantage. The implication is, of course, that her fine figure shows the dress to advantage. In a social conversation, flattery tends to make the other person relax, expand, and indulge in a bit of vocal strutting.

### *The Value of Questions*

ONE of the easiest ways to stimulate the instinct of self-assertion is to ask the other person a question. You may ask for information, in which case the other person will be glad to give it to you, especially if it is along lines in which he is particularly well informed or is especially interested.

People like to acquire knowledge, but they like even more to impart it. It arouses a man's emotion of elation to be placed in the position of being considered an authority, especially if there is some foundation for that position.

Be careful, however, when asking for information. If you ask a man a question about something concerning which he knows nothing, and he is obliged to confess his ignorance, you do not stimulate his instinct of self-assertion. Instead, you arouse his emotion of subjection, you stimulate his instinct of self-abasement, it makes him feel small, and he wants to shrink into his shell. For conversational purposes it were better that you had said nothing at all.



### *Seeking an Opinion*

BETTER than asking the other man for information is asking him for an opinion. The reason for this is twofold. In the first place, you are paying him a higher compliment when you are asking him what he thinks rather than what he knows. There may be no exceptional credit attached to being in possession of information. A man may have seen something or heard something or read something in a book. He got it from somewhere else and is merely passing it on to you. True, he enjoys passing it on.

On the other hand, when you ask him for an opinion, you are asking him for the product of his own mental operation, and of that he is proud. Ask a racing enthusiast who won the Kentucky Derby last year, and he will tell you. But ask him who is going to win it this year, and he will be still more pleased to give you his opinion.

You see, by your question you are, in effect, saying that you value his reasoning powers and his judgment. You are placing him in the very position in which he likes to place himself in his own mind. He will open up and talk.

### *The Shrinking Tendency*

IN DIRECT contrast to the instinct of self-assertion is the instinct of self-abasement. It also is uni-

versal. When it is brought into play, activity dwindles, conversation languishes.

The physical tendency of a person whose instinct of self-abasement has been aroused is to shrink and cower. This is caused by a sense of inferiority, a recognition of relative unworthiness. Whether it is the inheritance of centuries of serfdom — the slave inheritance — or whether it is the result of repression in childhood, or whether it is “just one of those things” makes little difference. There it is in each of us, waiting to chase us back into our shells at the slightest provocation.

Suppose I am tearing along the highway in my car at fifty miles an hour, when the speed limit is twenty, and a motorcycle policeman whizzes up behind me, cuts in front of me, brings me to a stop, and hauls a book of summonses out of his pocket.

“What’s your hurry?” he demands.

As a conversationalist he has me stopped. The reason is that he is motivated by the instinct of self-assertion, while I am suffering under the instinct of self-abasement. He knows that he is bigger and stronger than I am, he knows that his motorcycle can easily overtake my car, he knows that the law is on his side, he knows that he can let me go with a warning or compel me to “tell it to the judge.” All this being so, he is as

likely as not to become talkative, and even to subject me to sarcasm which he thinks is witty but which I think is in decidedly poor taste.

Because I realize my helplessness and my inferiority, I make a poor impression. The bright, cheery remarks which in happier circumstances would promote good feeling do not rise to my lips, not so much because I am afraid to speak them as because I can't think of them. How can I provide good conversation when I realize my inferiority?

But suppose that, instead of being the fellow I am, I were a certain attractive young woman whom I have in mind. The instinct of self-abasement would not be present. I would realize that the motorcycle policeman was merely a big, dumb male, and that I had plenty of power to exercise over him if I chose. Just what item of my tactics I would start with — the smile or the pout or the look of helplessness — would be immaterial, for it would be only a very few moments before I, realizing my superiority, would be dominating the conversation. With my feminine charm, do you think I would drive away with a summons? Not if I were the young woman I have in mind.

Just as the relative positions of persons in a conversation can stimulate or repress the expression of their ideas, so the topic of conversation, arousing the instinct of

self-assertion or self-abasement, can impel them to talk or to keep silent. If you start a conversation about something which suggests to the other person some inferiority of his, it will be difficult to draw him into easy, natural conversation.

If, for example, he has lost his job through his own fault, don't start talking about the former employer. If he has not been to college, don't talk about the pleasures of campus life. If he knows nothing about finance, don't talk about the fluctuations shown on the ticker tape. If he cares nothing about horses, don't talk about the merits of Kentucky clean-bred mounts as compared with the thorough-bred strain.

It may be that he wants to know about such things, in which case he will ask you, and the conversation will proceed smoothly enough, but unless he does ask, don't strut your knowledge. It is fatal to the start of a conversation to place him in a position of inferiority, a position in which his instinct of self-abasement is asserting itself.

### *The Use of the Challenge*

THE pugnacious instinct starts conversation very often by provoking it. One very effective way of getting a man interested in talking to you — a way often more effective than asking him a question — is to challenge him. This is

done by making a statement with which he cannot wholly agree. His instinct of pugnacity is aroused and he leaps at once to the defense of his pet idea.

"It looks as though the President were losing the confidence of most of the voters," you remark to a supporter of the administration. It is a remark which he cannot let pass. He proceeds to convince you that the supposed loss of prestige is merely subversive propaganda and that the next election will show that the standard-bearer of his party is stronger than ever.

"After all, it's the chemist and the engineer who win battles today," you remark to the colonel of infantry. At once he will start to show you how mistaken you are.

"That horse hasn't a chance in the sixth race," you say to the racetrack follower. "The country will be fifty years recovering from the Prohibition experiment," you say to the ardent opponent of liquor. "The capitalist system has broken down completely and can never be revived," you tell a banker. In each case your conversation with the other man has started.

Be careful, however, that the instinct of pugnacity does not get out of bounds. As long as the conversation proceeds on a plane of tolerance and good humor, all is well. Once let it become heated and you would do better to turn it off.

A friendly argument may be a good thing, but to be kept safe, it would better be confined to issues which are impersonal, which is but another way of saying, to issues in which, while one is interested, he is not deeply concerned. Race, religion, and family relationships usually are dangerous ground.

### *Paralyzing Speech*

THE instinct of flight is the exact opposite of the instinct of pugnacity. Instead of wanting to fight, you want to run away. This instinct is aroused, of course, by the emotion of fear.

To be speechless with fright is a wholly natural phenomenon. In some respects the instinct of flight resembles the instinct of self-abasement, but with this exception, that while the latter causes one to shrink and make himself as small and inconspicuous as possible, the former causes one to take steps to remove himself from the source of the danger.

The instinct of self-abasement causes your powers to dwindle in potency; the instinct of flight causes some of them to assert themselves far beyond their normal capacity. When you are afraid, you can run faster, jump higher and yell louder than you can under ordinary circumstances.

While some of your powers or faculties are stimulated by the instinct of flight, there seems to be



a tendency for others to be paralyzed. One of the latter is the power of speech; you can't talk coherently. You can think faster, when you are frightened, but only along the lines that will help you to escape; in other respects you cannot think at all. It seems almost as if nature had so constituted you that, while you could do extraordinarily well the things that would help you flee the danger, you could not do at all the things that would tend to aggravate the danger.

So it is that your conversational powers are not increased through the instinct of flight. When something is said to frighten you, your tendency is not to talk about it, but to remove yourself from the presence of the subject, or, conversely, remove the subject of the conversation from your presence. To start a conversation successfully, then, avoid saying something likely to cause alarm in the mind of your listener.

### *Piquing Curiosity*

THE instinct of curiosity is based not upon complete lack of knowledge, but upon incomplete knowledge. You must have some knowledge or there will be no curiosity. You know nothing whatever, we will say, about the inhabitants of South Africa prior to the voyage of Vasco De Gama. For all you know, there may have been a civilized race there, but

### Conversational Offenders

1. The bore.
2. The interrupter.
3. The mental absentee.
4. The belittler.
5. The gusher.
6. The grouch.
7. The windbag.
8. The wisecracker.
9. The preacher.
10. The boaster.
11. The debater.
12. The slangster.
13. The bigot.
14. The gossip.
15. The ax-grinder.
16. The risqué raconteur.
17. The tyrant.
18. The microscopist.
19. The cross-examiner.
20. The single-tracker.
21. The die-hard.
22. The too-serious.

knowing nothing, you have no curiosity concerning them. You do know a little about the inhabitants of Britain prior to the Roman invasion; therefore, you would be interested in knowing more. It is the little that you do know that makes you want to know more.

To pique a person's curiosity is a time-tried method of drawing him into a conversation, and you can succeed best when you get him to express that curiosity. When you start to tell a story,

you may hold your hearer's attention if you carry on a monologue, but you can hold it far better if you make a dialogue of it.

Make a statement of fact about which your hearer has some information and presumably about something in which he is likely to have some interest, but let your statement be incomplete. If the other man asks a question calling for the completion of the statement, you have him interested and the conversation becomes a two-party affair.

People dislike to leave things dangling; they want to get to the end to see what happens. The writer of thriller novels makes use of this trait when he leaves the heroine at the mercy of the villain as the chapter ends, with the buzz saw nearing her head or the on-rushing locomotive only a few yards away, or the mortgage about to be foreclosed on the old homestead. You can't help reading the succeeding chapter or installment to see how she is saved.

Curiosity starts a man's mind working, and when a man begins to think he is as likely as not to think aloud. When he does that, you have him conversing with you. People like to solve problems, provided the problems are simple ones and the clues sufficient, and they like to talk as the solution progresses. Get a man to speculate about something, ask him a provocative question, or make a

statement that will get him wondering, and he will exchange ideas with you in order to find the answer. Probably more real information in conversation has been elicited through curiosity than through any other instinct.

### *The Sex Influence*

THE instinct of reproduction, obviously, is one which cannot be made much of in conversation, and yet, to be perfectly frank, it is intriguing. It is the basis of all risqué stories. It is thin ice upon which many men and women are frequently tempted to skate.

After all, most persons are interested in sex, and the things they are interested in are the things they like to talk about. Probably in a wholly unmoral society, that is, among a people where reproduction is considered just as casually as digestion or education or agriculture, it would be a thoroughly normal thing to talk about, and indeed might be the basis for some very stimulating discussions in mixed company. Our civilization is such, however, that for conversational purposes, reproduction generally is taboo.

But do not get the impression that reproduction plays no part in conversation. True, it may not provide the topic, but it often does provide the inspiration. The elemental biological urge, as such, may not be in evidence; both parties to the conversation may not

be aware of it, but there is, none the less, a sex attraction which loosens the tongue of many a person who otherwise would be mute.

Have you never seen a listless young woman perk up and become talkative and vivacious when a certain young man entered the room? It may seem strange to you, but I assure you it is a fact that when a young woman carefully rouges her lips and a young man spends a quarter of an hour getting his necktie to set just right, they are doing things which will stimulate conversation.

### *Appealing to the Creative Instinct*

LIKE other instincts, the creative instinct can be used to advantage at times. It is one of the lesser instincts, however; in a few people it is lacking entirely, in others it is present only in certain fields.

But most persons have it in some form. This man will be interested in planning a house, that woman in how a dress is made, this man in the construction of a plot for a story, that woman in a recipe for Yorkshire pudding, and so on. Appeal to a person's creative instinct, and at once he is so interested that he wants to talk.

"I'm thinking of buying an old farmhouse and making an attractive-looking place of it," you say to a man whose creative instinct runs to houses. "Do you think I

ought to take off the front porch?" He immediately enters into a conversation which you both enjoy and in which he completely remodels the house for you.

"What color drapes do you think I ought to have in the library of the new home?" you ask a woman whose creative instinct runs to interior decorating. This is the beginning of a conversation in which she will fit up every room in your house before she has finished, and revel in doing it.

### *The Gregarious Instinct*

THE gregarious instinct, which most of us — but not all — possess, is responsible for much of the small talk which passes between people. A man likes to associate with other men or with women, not for any ulterior reason, but merely for the sake of being with them. He grows tired of his own company, and just to have companionship, he looks around for other people to associate with.

For your own mental health, it is well that you have this instinct. A little solitude enables you to become acquainted with yourself, but to be cooped up with your own thoughts too much of the time tends to make you ingrown, self-centered, and even perhaps a trifle off-centered. You need to talk to others to get your mind away from yourself.

Since most other persons have



this same instinct, just as you have, therein lies the opportunity for conversation. To see that someone is a little lonely is justification enough for starting the talk going.

What you say makes little difference. Preferably, however, your opening remarks should be general, impersonal, and more or less offhand. The weather is as good a topic as any other for the purpose. In fact, when a man remarks, "Nice weather we're having," nine times out of ten, he says it merely because he wants to talk to somebody. When he puts his remark in the form of a question, as "Do you think it will rain today?" the chances are that he wants somebody to talk to him.

A fine distinction between those two weather remarks, you object, too fine to be correct? Possibly, but you would be surprised at the significance of nice discriminations in the different ways of saying the same thing.

### *The Urge to Acquire*

THAT the acquisitive instinct readily gives rise to conversation is understood. A person desires something and he begins to talk as a step towards getting it. You desire to arouse this instinct in the other man, and so you hold up before his eyes or his imagination something he will want.

"Would you like to know how you can make a thousand dollars?" is a crude way of doing it. How-

ever, if he really needs a thousand dollars and is willing to do almost anything to get it, you have his interest. He will want to know the method and will discuss with you its advantages and disadvantages, seeking always to find the way by which to get the money.

Another man collects postage stamps. You show him a rare issue of the short-lived Ukrainian republic. It is just the item he needs to complete his collection. His acquisitive instinct is aroused. He talks — and how!

Against this acquisitive instinct a word of warning should be said. It is easy to arouse it. All you have to do is call a man's attention to something he wants. But it is not so easy to control it.

With his desire urging him on, the conversation with the other man may become uncomfortable. If he desires something that you possess, he may wheedle, argue, nag, dicker, or indulge in any one of a number of other practices, which, while they involve a lot of words passing back and forth, do not make for conversation that is at all times enjoyable. Even when his instinct to acquire is not aimed directly at something you have, you still may not find the conversation comfortable, for he may, more or less subconsciously, be seeking to enroll you as an ally, and that is something you may not wish to be.

Often, however, when you con-

sciously seek to arouse this instinct, you are sharing it with the other person. "How can we make a thousand dollars together?" is a thought which can provoke many a long and absorbing conversation, even if nothing ever comes of it.

### *Just the Two of You*

WHEN a group of you have been gathered together chatting and then everybody leaves except you and one other person, have you ever noticed how completely the atmosphere changes and how the tone of any conversation which follows is altered? No matter how small the group has been — there may have been only three of you — something happens that changes your relationship.

The young woman who has not yet made up her mind whether or not she will say yes to the young man, and doesn't want to be faced so soon with the necessity of giving her answer, chatters away vivaciously as long as they are in the center of the party, but is trembling and silent when the young man leads her to the terrace to ask her the important question.

Another young man, who has been silent all evening when the crowd was around him, not knowing just what to say, suddenly finds his tongue when he has only one person to talk with and rattles away about himself and his

### Virtues of the Ideal Conversationalist

1. He is well informed.
2. He is sympathetic.
3. He is interested in life.
4. He has a sense of the dramatic.
5. He is moderate.
6. He can draw out the other person.
7. He is attentive.
8. He always is in good humor.
9. He has a good sense of proportion.
10. He doesn't preach.
11. He doesn't take himself too seriously.
12. He is not argumentative.
13. He is original.
14. He is broad-minded.
15. He is charitable.
16. He is unselfish.
17. He is in good taste.
18. He is considerate.
19. He is flexible.
20. He is well poised.
21. He is enthusiastic.
22. He is whimsical.

affairs at a rate that soon more than makes up for his hours of reticence.

Whatever the change in the nature of the conversation, it is, of course, determined by the nature of the relationship between the two persons left alone. But there *always* is a change of some kind.

The technique, then, of con-

versing with a single person, naturally, is very different from that of conversing in the presence of more than one. It is easier, and yet, just because it is easier and simpler, it provides greater latitude for making mistakes. Dialogue comprises a very large part of the art of conversation, and it requires a considerable amount of practice before proficiency is attained.

### *Advantages and Disadvantages*

THESE might be listed among the advantages which dialogue possesses over talking in a group:

You are given plenty of opportunity to talk.

Your presence is never ignored; in fact, it is cultivated.

You need make no effort to attract attention.

You are not in competition with other talkers.

You need not be either clever or deep:

You can relax.

And these may be listed among its relative disadvantages or dangers:

You are likely to monopolize the conversation.

You are likely to say something you did not intend to reveal. Failure is more conspicuous.

You are required to make a deeper study of the other man and his interests.

The thoughts you express must be less superficial.

What you say will be given greater significance.

When two persons — and only two — get together, there is a very human desire for them to understand each other. Subconsciously, each of them speaks and acts in such a way as will accomplish two things:

Reveal himself to the other person.

Find out what the other person is like.

It is for this reason that conversation with one other person usually is more personal than conversation with several. In the group, people will talk about impersonal subjects — art and the weather and politics — but when there are only two, it will not be very long, in many cases, before they are talking about themselves.

In the last analysis, *the aim of talking with another person is to make friends with him.* If our conversation does that, no matter how lacking in wit or information or ideas it may be, it succeeds; if it does not make friends, it fails.

Underlying our conversation with the other man must be a proper attitude. Lacking the right attitude, we are almost certain to blunder; possessing it, we are likely to steer instinctively the correct conversational course and safely avoid dangers of whose presence we are unaware.



*The Basic Attitude*

THE attitude basic to all helpful dialogue requires these things of you:

You must be really interested in the other man.

You must be interested in the things that he is interested in.

You must be friendly to him.

You must be sincere.

You must be candid.

"Desire to please, and you will infallibly please," said William Hazlitt. If you really want to be friends with the other person, it will not be difficult to find something to say to him that will convey that impression. He will read through your remark the good intention behind it, and conversation between you will flow smoothly and without effort.

We can convey to the other person the fact that we like him and it is thus that intimate conversation starts and is carried on. What we say may sound rather casual, if repeated, but it really can indicate that we are interested in the other person, and our being interested in him and in his welfare implies that we like him.

Consider these common remarks:

"I'm glad to see you."

"How have you been?"

"I've missed you."

"I've been wanting to meet you."

"You're looking well."

"It's good to see you again."

"I thought you would never come."

"Alone at last!"

"Where have you been keeping yourself?"

Nothing brilliant about any of those opening remarks, is there? Of course, there isn't. Conversation when only two persons are present rarely is brilliant, and usually it is affectation to try to make it brilliant. Furthermore, such expressions as those are not worn out; they are time-tried. Use any one of them in a way that shows you mean it, and you disclose to the other person the fact that you are interested in him. And by that interest you imply that you like him. I recommend them to you.

*Adopting a "Line"*

ORIGINAL words to convey the desired impression may not come to you on the spur of the moment. You may be slow at thinking up something appropriate to say. If so, I would suggest that you give some thought to what in slang terminology has come to be known as a *line*.

A line, or a line of talk, may be defined as a particular form which a person uses or a particular idea which he expresses in conversation over and over again, so frequently, in fact, and to so many different persons, that it becomes more or less standardized with him.

When Benvenuto Cellini first said, "I would swim through rivers of blood to come to you, even though it were but to die at your feet," it was a touching and original sentiment. It was rather effective, so he repeated it with the next Florentine young woman he was courting. By the time he used it with the seventeenth young woman, it had become a line.

And how did the seventeenth young woman receive this impassioned declaration? In precisely the same way as the first had received it. The fact that it was old with Cellini made it none the less fresh to her ears. Knowing his reputation as the great lover, she may even have suspected that he had used it before, but she thrilled to hear it just the same. In fact, she probably would have been disappointed in him if he had not said something of the kind.

**V**ERY often a line is mere flattery. Sometimes, too, it may be insincere, but not necessarily so. From the fact that you have said the same thing to other persons, it does not follow inevitably that you do not mean it when you say it to this person. You may have been sincere every time you said it. I am not at all sure that Cellini would not have swum through rivers of blood to reach each of the ladies in whom he happened to be interested, although I do admit I am a bit skeptical about his

willingness to die at her feet when he arrived there.

The greatest danger in the practice of using a line does not lie in insincerity. You may adopt a good line which you use many times, but the probability is, if you are a sincere person, that you will be sincere when you use it. When you don't mean it, it will not occur to you to say it.

The real danger lies in using the line too many times and in becoming too well identified with a particular phrase. If a saleswoman says to a prospective purchaser of a gown, "Madam, you are just the type to show that dress off to the greatest advantage," and then says the same thing to the next prospective customer, this second customer, if she has heard the remark made to the first one, will discount it entirely.

When a youth tells a maiden how blue her eyes are, and she replies, "I'll bet you tell that to every girl you meet," she merely suspects that it is a line, and is trying to make herself believe that it is not. If, however, she knew for certain that he had said the same thing to several of her predecessors, then she would be annoyed, and the line would fail of its intended effect.

### *In Defense of Flattery*

**I**F YOU are introduced to someone and wish to make a favorable impression upon him right

at the outset, for purposes of facilitating future conversation between the two of you, try this: Look surprised and pleased, and say,

"This is a pleasure I've been looking forward to for some time."

Just a line — an old line at that — but it carries a world of implication to the other man. You may never even have heard of him.

"But that isn't sincere," someone objects. "If I've never heard of him, how can I imply that I have?"

A proper question. Let me see if I can justify the remark. The actual words constitute a bit of pleasantry, a legitimate conversational convention. They are not intended to deceive, any more than the *dear* in the *dear sir* with which you start a letter is intended to convey affection to the businessman to whom you are writing.

"How are you?" you inquire of someone whom you meet, or "How is Mrs. Murphy?" If the truth were told, you really do not want to be informed of the state of his health or of Mrs. Murphy's; you don't care. The question does imply, however, that you *are* interested. Does it follow that you are insincere? I think not. Common politeness demands that you express interest in some such fashion. It really is a social obligation to make the person to whom you are talking feel that you are inter-

ested in him and appreciate him.

It is precisely the same with the expression, "this is a pleasure I've been looking forward to"; the only difference is that this is a little less commonplace and, therefore, makes a deeper impression.

In a larger sense, your use of a phrase which implies personal interest really is sincere. The impression which you convey is that you are interested, and that is the important fact; you *are* interested.

I take pains in thus justifying the use of a line calculated to make the other person feel that you are interested in him or that you appreciate him, because I want you to feel that from every standpoint you are justified in making pleasant little remarks that will lead to friendship. I want you to realize, too, that when speaking so, it is essential for you to be sincere and to realize your sincerity in your desire to please the other person.

### *Women Are Different*

IN THE French Parliament, so the story goes, one of the deputies was making a speech urging an improvement in the legal status of women.

"After all," he cried, "there is very little difference between men and women!"

Whereupon the entire Chamber of Deputies arose as one man and shouted,

"*Vive la différence!*"



Yes, there *is* a difference, slight yet important. It explains why conversation between the sexes always is something of an adventure.

Women's thoughts obey the same laws as do the molecules of gases. They go with much rapidity in an initial direction, until a shock sends them into another, then a second shock into a third direction. It is useless to choose a theme with women. One must follow the hunt and jump everything.

It was André Maurois, a highly popular French novelist, who thus characterized the conversation of what has sometimes been called the unfair sex. His opinion is entitled to respect, for these Frenchmen have a reputation for knowing their women. Then, too, our own observation has been such that we are forced to admit there is a lot of truth in what he says.

Generally speaking, women are better conversationalists than men are. They think faster, although whether they think so thoroughly is a different matter. Start a train of thought in your talk with a woman and she leaps to the finish before you have spoken two sentences. Women are inclined to flit, men to plod.

By nature a man tries to be a reasoning, logical creature. He wishes to explain something, and he must do it step by step. He wishes to prove something and he must state every factor which has a bearing on the conclusion. It

takes a man to be a chess champion, a profound mathematician, or a brilliant writer of legal briefs. If by some strange freak of nature a woman should shine in such fields, it will be found that she has a man's mind.

### *Topics for Dialogue*

WHAT is the other person interested in that you can start a conversation about? Many things. The *Saturday Evening Post*, which has gone to considerable trouble to find out what the average American is interested in, assumes that these are his major interests in the order of their importance:

1. His job.
2. His home.
3. His politics.
4. His recreations.
5. His health.
6. Happenings of national interest.

The first five, you will notice, are things which are very personal. Most of all, people are interested in themselves. We have said it before, but it will bear repeating. Talk to the other man, then, about himself and the things close to him. Ask him questions that will draw him out, not questions that will make him put forth too much effort to think, but questions that he can answer while still being relaxed. Give him an opportunity to expand.

If you would cultivate the other

man through your conversation, it would be well to have in mind the things that he likes to be and to do. Here is a list of some of them. Keep them in mind as you talk, and your conversation cannot fail to please.

He likes to feel his own importance.

He likes to impress you with his importance.

He likes to be complimented.

He likes to be asked for advice.

He likes to express his opinion.

He likes to have other people know about him.

He likes to grant favors.

He likes to be appreciated.

He likes to talk about his hobby.

He likes to discover that you have the same interests as he has.

He likes to have his small wants studied.

He likes to be free of obligations.

He likes to relax.

Have a real desire to please the other person. Say something which you think will please him. Have in mind throughout your conversation the thought, not so much that you want him to like you, as that you want to like him. You want to make him happy. Your most successful conversations, you will find, will not be those in which you are trying to get something, but those in which you will be trying to give something.

*In conversation, as in many other things, the more generously you give, and the less you think about yourself in the giving, the more surely and the more richly will you be rewarded.*

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### *Sentence Symphonies*

WOMEN now insist on having all the prerogatives of the oak and all the perquisites of the clinging vine. — *Irving S. Cobb*

++

Conceit is God's gift to little men. — *Bruce Barton*

++

When a feller says, "It ain't th' money but th' principle o' th' thing," it's th' money. — *Kin Hubbard*

++

The way to be a "world beater" is to start modestly and quietly by beating the man next to you. — *Samuel M. Vauclain*

++

Some people are so painfully good they would rather be right than be pleasant. — *L. C. Ball*

++

Love comes unseen; we only see it go. — *Austin Dobson*

# Your Life Contributors

NEW names appear in YOUR LIFE this month to join an already eminent company of contributors. The Editor calls attention to the masthead announcement of *Wilfred J. Funk* as Editorial Director. One of America's most distinguished editors and publishers, Mr. Funk is a former editor of The Literary Digest, lexicographer, author of numerous books of light verse and magazine articles. His current best seller is "So You Think It's New," in which he proves that almost nothing is.

*Theodore Dreiser*, as the toastmasters say, needs no introduction. He is author of "Sister Carrie," "The Titan," "The Genius," "An American Tragedy," and other modern classics which most critics agree will endure as long as American literature. His article in this issue reveals how he came to take the path which led to fame.

As head of the psychology department of Colgate University, *Dr. Donald A. Laird* is internationally famous. His psychological researches are so practical that many important industrial organizations employ him as consultant and he travels some 100,000 miles a year in connection with his work. The Colgate laboratory has nineteen rooms, but that isn't enough for the busy Dr. Laird — he

has a five-room laboratory right in his home.

Another doctor (this one an M.D.) works in a different field. *Dr. W. H. Glafke* is a noted New York specialist in the widespread and popularly misunderstood ailment which he discusses so illuminatingly in these pages. . . . And *Dr. Louis E. Bisch* is back with another of his stimulating, helpful articles. He recently returned from a trip to Europe.

As financial expert for the New York Journal-American, *Merryle Stanley Rukeyser* is expertly qualified to advise job-seekers and job-keepers. He is author of numerous magazine articles and books, his latest being "The Diary of a Prudent Investor." . . . *Whitney Bolton* oscillates between New York and Hollywood. He's a top-flight movie and theatrical critic and has had a hand in several silver screen epics. He looks like William Powell.

*Dale Carnegie's* book on winning friends has sold close to the 700,000 mark and may reach a million. He used to pick strawberries in Missouri for five cents an hour. . . . *Marietta Buell* is a Minneapolis newspaper-woman and a wife and mother close enough to middle age to know what she writes about in her article this month.

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# HOW TO GIVE ADVICE

By BERTON BRALEY

WHEN your friends request advice,  
Tell 'em that their plans are nice;

When they say to you, "Be frank,"  
Tell 'em sweetly that they rank

As sophisticated, keen  
And of very level bean.

When they come and beg of you  
"Tell me what I ought to do"

Find out what they're aiming at  
And agree in full with that.

You may think their minds are hazy  
And their pet ideas crazy

But the proper stratagem  
Is to keep on yessing them.

Though they croon, "Please be sincere"  
Tell 'em what they want to hear

And applaud their each desire.  
True, you'll be an awful liar,

And your conscience it'll jar  
But — you *will* be popular!

(Chances are, as time will tell,  
They will get along as well

As if you, in simple sooth,  
*Always* told the brutal truth!)

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*by Howard Stephenson and Joseph C. Keeley*

## You're Really a Great Fellow

If you don't realize it, it's time you did. A noted specialist tells you how to realize the most from your abilities.

*by Dr. Louis E. Bisch*

## The Truth About Sterility

Medical science holds out hope to thousands of childless couples whose desire for children has not been granted. An authority tells what can be done about sterility.

*by Dr. Paul Popenoe*

## A Fortune for the Average Man

The fortune-building era of the Vanderbilts and the Rockefellers is passing; the new type fortune is not easy to win, but is well within the grasp of the *average* man.

*by Robert R. Updegraff*

Each month, more than 30 features by well-known specialists in successful living. Your Life contributors include: BERTON BRALEY, DR. DONALD A. LAIRD, NINA WILCOX PUTNAM, MYRON M. STEARNS, ARTHUR MURRAY, MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER, HELEN ROWLAND, DALE CARNEGIE, AND MARGERY WILSON

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